INSIDE: EIGHT PAGES OF SONGS CHOSEN BY **GRACIE FIELDS**

Week ending November 8 1952 Every Wednesday Fourpence

JOHN BULL

The People's Dispensary for Sick Animals
P.D.S.A. HOURS 9·30 - 1·0 2·0 - 6·0
We close at 1·0 on Saturdays.

Starting this week:

ADOLF HITLER

by ALAN BULLOCK

First COMPLETE life-story

"Oh, Grandmama! What strong white teeth you've got!"

Wolves eat foods that are tough and hard. That's why their mouths are so healthy.

Hard foods—not soft easy-to-eat foods like ours. Soft foods lead to soft gums, soft gums to gum infections . . . *and gum infections cause the loss of more teeth than decay.*

Don't risk gum infections ruining *your* teeth. Brush your teeth *and gums* with Gibbs SR, the toothpaste specially made to keep teeth sparkling *and* gums healthy. SR definitely fights gum infections.

It sparkles like your smile!

An SR smile has an extra sparkle, a sparkle people can't help noticing. And SR polishes your teeth safely—without damaging the protective enamel.

Question: IS WHITENESS ENOUGH?

A. No. Gum infections can attack the whitest teeth.

Q. *How do gum infections affect the teeth?*

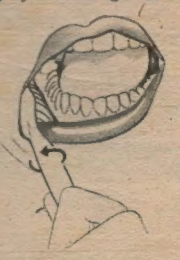
A. Infection starts between the teeth and gums, destroys the fibres that hold the teeth in the gums, leaves the teeth loose and useless.

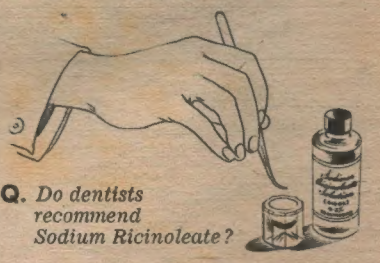
Q. *How does SR fight gum infections?*

A. SR contains Sodium Ricinoleate (or SR). And brushing with SR toughens up the gums to resist infections, does for your gums what hard foods do for the wolf!

Q. *What is the best way of brushing the gums?*

A. If you brush the way dentists recommend—the way this diagram shows—you are brushing your gums *as well as* your teeth.





Q. *Do dentists recommend Sodium Ricinoleate?*

A. They do more than recommend it. They actually *use* it to clear up infected gums. SR soaks into infected gums, fights infection *from within.*

Be quite sure your teeth are safe. See your dentist twice a year and brush teeth *and gums* with Gibbs SR twice a day.

WHITE TEETH NEED HEALTHY GUMS

Gibbs S.R. FOR BOTH

GR 265-1345

EDITORIAL

Late shops

THIS winter the Government has decided to permit shops to stay open until 8 p.m., with one night's closing at 9 p.m. Since 1939, winter closing times had been fixed at 6 p.m. with a late night of 7.30 p.m.

But the shutters of most shops will continue to go up between half past five and six.

"We cannot see any reason to stay open late at night," says the National Chamber of Trade, representing a quarter of a million shopkeepers.

"We are implacably opposed to any extension," says the Union of Shop, Distributive and Allied Workers.

OWNERS and employees share an understandable desire to hurry home. There is, however, a third party to be considered: the shopper.

An official survey prepared for the Home Office says: "About twenty per cent of the population finish work after 5.45 p.m. Since most shops close around that time, a large group of people cannot shop on their way home from work. In general the hours at which another thirty per cent finish work do not allow of much evening shopping. For this reason existing evening closing hours may be too early for many workers and therefore inconvenient."

BOOTHBY
Gaiety at night

ANOTHER reason for staying open was given by Robert Boothby, M.P., in a television discussion: "Nothing exhilarates me more on the Continent than the lights and gaiety of the shops which stay open late."

A limited opening by some firms until seven o'clock once a week in London has been a commercial success.

"Our trade has improved," says one store. And once they took the plunge of opening when both husband and wife could shop together, shopkeepers might well find that their sales would undergo a profitable revolution.

This has happened in the U.S.A.

BRITISH proprietors say that staff, already hard to get, would refuse to stay late. Despite laws and an active union to protect them, the assistants say that they are afraid of becoming sweated labour again.

In fact, both are looking at the question from the viewpoint of a narrow self-interest.

Shop people must realize that theirs is a public service.

They expect transport, gas, electricity, water and other public utilities at times convenient to themselves. And they enjoy their share of the products of many industries in which late work is accepted as a necessity. In return, they must more fully serve the rest of the community.

THIS WEEK'S COVER

FRED LAURENT'S daughter, Monica, modelled for his painting of the People's Dispensary For Sick Animals. The first P.D.S.A. was opened in 1917 by Maria Dickin, C.B.E., in an East End cellar, to help sick animals of the poor. Now it's the largest international animal charity in the world, with dispensaries in Paris, Cairo and Tokyo. Mrs. Dickin, who died last year, had no pets—her work took all her time.

OUTSTANDING quality and value have made 'Ovaltine' the world's most popular food beverage. In countless homes it brings to each member of the family the benefits of important nutritive elements and vitamins, derived from Nature's best foods and fortified with additional vitamins. Through its deliciousness and palatability 'Ovaltine' is enjoyed by everyone.

As a supplement to the daily dietary—as the bedtime beverage for helping to promote the conditions favourable to natural, restorative sleep—'Ovaltine' has amply proved its special advantages. It provides concentrated, easily digestible nourishment of the highest quality at the lowest possible price.

Insist on *Be wise—Economize*

OVALTINE

The vitamin-fortified food beverage

Prices in Gt. Britain and N. Ireland, 1/6, 2/6 *and* 4/6 *per tin.*

It Pays to Buy the Best

OVALTINE RUSKS

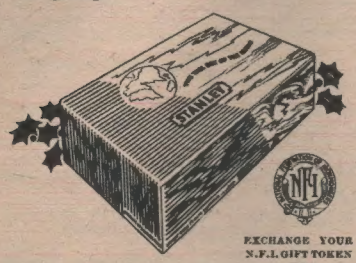
These delicious Rusks, which contain a proportion of 'Ovaltine,' are appetizing, digestible and nourishing. 'Ovaltine' Rusks are a welcome addition to the diet of children and adults. They are also a help to babies at teething time.

In Cartons, 10*d. and* 1/7

P.867A

Portrait of a Man Who Knows . . .

Most men don't know what they are going to get for Christmas. But this one obviously does. Just look at his expression of smug satisfaction. Someone is going to buy him Stanley Tools—lucky fellow!—and he knows that their fine quality and finish make them natural choices for craftsmen and handymen alike. See them at your local tool dealers—packed in attractive Gift Boxes ready for giving.



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STANLEY WORKS (G.B.) LTD., SHEFFIELD

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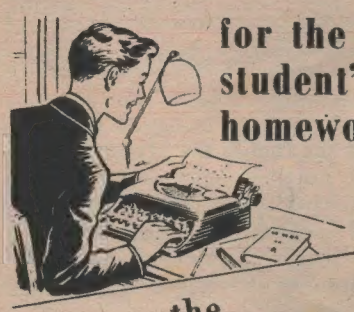


for the student's homework

the Remington DE LUXE PORTABLE

Older school children find new interest in doing homework on the smooth, speedy keyboard of a Remington de luxe Portable Typewriter. It lends fluency to their thoughts . . . neatness to essays. The whole family will save time in typing letters . . . invitations . . . club notes . . . for this compact little typewriter possesses all the "Big Machine" aids to better typing—plus portability! Write to-day for illustrated folder. REMINGTON RAND LTD., Dealer-Wholesale Division (Dept. PR 155), 1 New Oxford St., London, W.C.1 Tel: CHAncery 8888

Price £28 . 10 . 0

Free Speech

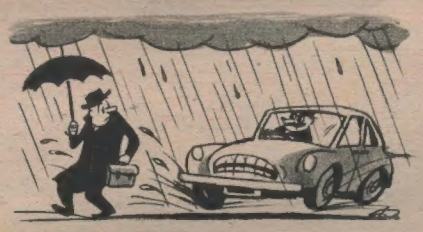
Wrong man in a delicate job

THE advertisement read: "Ex-regular Army officer seeks post of trust and responsibility. Offers unstinted enthusiasm. Used to controlling men." I needed a personnel manager so I gave the ex-officer the job. Uproar followed.

The new man's tone was one of icy authority. Tact was foreign to him. He tried to order trusted members of the staff as if they were army recruits. He scared new employees and disillusioned the applicants. It was not long before we noticed a decline in production and efficiency. The only solution was to fire the personnel manager. Such men should realize that there is a vast difference between controlling people in uniform and managing civilians. If my employees disagree with me, I like them to say so, and to state their reasons. But the ex-officer's reaction was to impose "glasshouse" rules of his own devising.—C. T. G., Wiltshire.

Country Walk

EVERY morning I hurry up a long, hilly country road to catch my train. Every evening I hurry down on my way home. On each journey I am passed by seven or eight cars driven



by fellow-passengers. I meet some of them in the train. They are quick to hide behind their newspapers, and never say a word. For in the three years I have been walking up and down this hill, none has offered me a lift—even in snow or pouring rain.—D. T., Kent.

Rosemary's Mail

CHICKENPOX kept Rosemary, our small daughter, away from school for several days. At the end of the week a boy knocked at the door and presented me with a bulky envelope, foolscap size. Inside were forty-one letters to Rosemary written at school by the children.—J. ASHTON, Preston Road, Whittle, Chorley, Lancs.

Spare The Child

NEEDLEWORK at school was a nightmare for me because we were punished for breaking or losing a needle. I did both, and was caned on each occasion, so I can appreciate your editorial "The School Cane" (JOHN BULL, October 18). I was about nine years old, and the headmistress of my school in Northampton would take me to the cloakroom. Poising a thin, pliable rod, she would ask the routine question, "Do you understand why you are being punished?" And having extracted a tearful assent, she would bring the cane down with real force on a trembling palm. The needlework class was a nightmare and, to this day, the sight of a broken needle recalls the swish of the cane with its accompanying feeling of shame and injustice, for even then I realized that the punishment was out of all proportion to the crime.—MRS. M. V., Sussex.

. . . I disagree with McKinnon Wood that children should be punished by being made to apologize. When I was young I saw my sister caned for being late. After one stroke I rushed to protect her. The headmaster sent me home and wrote to mother, saying that unless I apologized I need not attend again. Not wishing to upset my mother, I did so, but I was telling a lie. Giving lines, stopping games—these are the best punishments.—MRS. E. BROWN, 110 Edenbridge Road, Hall Green, Birmingham.

. . . The capable teacher has little use for punishments or rewards, but there is a dearth of the right people. If the theorists concentrate on producing more and better teachers, and reducing classes to a reasonable size, the need for punishment will become negligible. — HEADMISTRESS (retired), Warwickshire.

Bringing Up Baby

A PROSPECTUS of evening classes at a local technical school neglects the most important of all—mothercraft. There is only one such class for girls before school-leaving age. I have seen numbers of badly nourished and neglected children while nursing at a London hospital. The children were not unwanted, but their mothers just did not know how to bring up babies properly.—MISS S., Kent.

Classes in child care are run at the L.C.C.'s thirty-five afternoon and evening institutes for women.

Art of Living

IN most houses in England doors open into the room. In Germany the doors open against the wall of the room. This makes entry much easier and affords an immediate view of the room one is entering. When going through a living-room door I usually find myself trying not to fall over a sideboard or a sofa. When doors are built in this way it is difficult to push a pram through because of the furniture along the wall and end-on to the doorway.—MRS. A. PARTINGTON, Chadderton, Oldham, Lancs.

An architect comments: Although tradition is a big factor, the door which opens into the room protects the fire, and the people sitting around it, from sudden draughts. Abroad, where central heating is widely used, this is not so important. Similarly, in a bedroom, the door opening in this manner protects the person in bed from draughts and gives some privacy. The English are notoriously conservative about their homes. They do not like to be immediately confronted with a view of the bed when walking into the bedroom.

Pen Friends

FOLLOWING the publication of some notes of mine on the Leeds tram system in an American magazine, I have had eighty-nine letters from enthusiasts in the U.S.A. One letter came from a priest in a seminary in Indiana. I am told that many Americans spend an hour or two each week in correspondence with pen friends in this country. —JOHN WORSFOLD, 8 Barkly Grove, Beeston, Leeds.

About 5,000 people on both sides of the Atlantic have been put into postal contact by the British-American Fellowship, 20 Buckingham Street, London, W.C.2. The Fellowship has a long waiting list of Americans asking for British correspondents of similar ages and interests for themselves and their families.

Tin History

MUCH time must be lost in grocers' shops in replacing the lids of biscuit tins, because there is half an inch difference between the sides. In my home we invariably grasp the lid the wrong way round, and I have wondered why the tins are not made square. — SAM FLETCHER, Thornhill Road, Droylsden, Manchester.

The first biscuit tins were oblong with square ends. As tins were made larger, width and depth were doubled, but not length—to make storage easy.

The Young Idea

MANY children are ready for reading lessons before they are five years old, yet teachers become very indignant if parents attempt to teach their children, saying that they will learn by the wrong methods. If there are right methods, the Ministry of Education, or local education authorities, should issue instructions to inquiring parents, or tell them which books to use. Education could then begin at home.—MRS. MARJORIE WALLACE, Windsor Crescent, Westerhope, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Nature In The Raw

CUTTING hay in my barn I noticed three rats emerge from beneath sacks of grain. The smallest of the trio, a female, lay motionless alongside the wall while the other two rushed into battle. They fought in silence, and it made an eerie spectacle in the gloom of

Lunging for a neck grip, a rat delivers the death blow to end a thirty seconds battle. Both seem to stand on their tails in this U.S. Health Department action photograph.

the barn. It was over in half a minute. The female scuttled up to the dead rat, sniffed at the body, and then twitched her whiskers at her new-found, victorious mate. Then they disappeared together beneath the sacks. What surprised me was that a battle for the

Continued on page 6

COMING TO JOHN BULL

Audrey Erskine Lindop's magnificent new novel

THE SINGER NOT THE SONG

Further details next week

Comatose Clippie now fares better inside

Flo *used* to punch tickets like lightning. Lately she's been just one more poor conductor. "What's the matter now?" I said. "Missed the bus?"

"I always do," sniffed Flo. "I get that depressed with this constipation of mine, I feel like going underground."

"Talking of tubes . . ." I said.

"Who is?" grumbled Flo.

"I am," I said. "About *yours* — the 30 feet of tubing you've got in your lower deck. Everything you eat has to pass along inside it. But with eating a lot of soft starchy food, you don't give your bowel muscles anything to pull on and they don't work properly."

"Oo-er," cried Flo, "what happens then?"

"Standing inside!" I shouted. "There's a traffic jam — and you feel like a passenger on a crawling bus. When you get constipated like that," I said, "the only thing for you is *bulk*."

"I don't get it," puzzled Flo.

"You should," I said. "All it means is All-Bran for breakfast every morning. It gives those muscles the bulk they need to get your system regular!"

"Oh-ah?" said Flo.

But it did, you know. When I saw Flo next she looked like an omnibus edition of the world's great success stories. "You look a new woman," I said.

"And I feel it," chirped Flo. "That All-Bran made me 'regular' inside a week. It certainly is marvellous."

"Just the ticket," I said.

WHY KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN SURELY AND GENTLY RELIEVES CONSTIPATION

Eaten with absolute regularity, Kellogg's All-Bran gives your system "bulk" to prevent constipation. All-Bran's "bulk" enables bowel muscles to keep naturally active and so to sweep and clear the intestinal tract, thoroughly and regularly. Result: your whole body keeps fresh and active, and you are always physically and mentally alert. All-Bran is delicious for breakfast, or in buns or cakes. All grocers have it.

A stout that banishes tiredness

—and it's not bitter!

Most stout has a slightly bitter taste, which many people like. But Mackeson's is rather smoother and softer — and some greatly prefer it. They find fresh strength and life in every glass, when the long day's work is over at last.

MACKESON'S

. . . you'll like it better!

BREWED AND BOTTLED BY WHITBREAD

THE FAMOUS BENNETT COLLEGE

can help you to success through personal postal tuition

THOUSANDS OF MEN in important positions were once students of The Bennett College. They owe their success to Personal Postal Tuition—The Bennett College way. *You* have the same chance to qualify for a fine career, higher pay and social standing.

One of these courses will lead to your advancement

Accountancy	Agriculture	Power Station Eng.
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Shorthand	Civil Engineering	Sheet Metal Work
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General Education	Draughtsmanship	Surveying
Geography	Electrical Engineering	Telecommunications
Journalism	Electric Wiring	Television
Languages	Engineering Drawings	Textiles
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relieves NERVE PAINS

The combined, synergistic action of the analgesic ingredients in PHENSIC—Aspirin and Phenacetin, together with Caffeine, brings you three distinct benefits.

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RELIEVES PAIN PHENSIC tablets bring quick, safe relief from headaches and all nerve pains.

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PHENSIC tablets are invaluable for
HEADACHES, NEURALGIA, TOOTHACHE, NEURITIS, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO, RHEUMATIC ACHES AND PAINS

Be sure you ask for

In bottles 1/8 & 4/- and, for your handbag, convenient envelope packs containing two doses for 4d.

Phensic

It does not harm the heart—does not upset the stomach

Free Speech

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

female should have been fought, not in the spring mating season, but in the autumn of the year.—R. G., Berks.

Whether rats do fight over a female has never been scientifically proved, says the Ministry of Agriculture, because of difficulties in observing them in their natural surroundings. The brown rat will breed at three months, may have up to six litters a year, with seven in a litter. Rats living in ricks will breed in greater numbers, as they have constant food and warmth.

The Scavengers

THREE coach loads of children descended upon me while I was enjoying a quiet afternoon in a Leicestershire beauty spot. When they finished their lunch, the older children returned to the coaches and brought out large baskets. They marched through the ranks collecting the wrappings and remains. When they had all driven away there was nothing to show that, a few minutes before, more than a hundred children had played and eaten there. —G. H. INGLES, 72 Sandringham Avenue, Leicester.

Put It In Writing

WHEN a child is lost it is usually too shy and upset to answer questions. I advise Mrs. Gudge ("Free Speech," October 18) to sew or write her son's name and address inside his clothing. I still do this with my own daughter, in case of accident or loss of her coat, although she is now old enough to answer questions.—MRS. J. HUNT, 21 Wickfield Avenue, Christchurch, Hants.

Hot Bath

THOUGHTLESSNESS can bring death very close in the home. An elderly woman called me in to repair her electric fire, which stood on a board across the bath. She said how much she enjoyed the warmth when bathing in winter. I repaired it on condition that she placed the fire in the farthest corner of the bathroom. Had it fallen into the water on top of her, the woman would have been electrocuted.—E. L. STOFFORD, 36 Friday Street, Leicester.

Let's Go Gay

SCOTS, Irish and Welsh will be wearing their national costumes in London for the Coronation. The English have no national dress. Readers must have ideas for a suitable and colourful costume in the same tradition as those worn by our countrymen over the borders. If they were published, and the best adopted, the national dress picture would be complete. — MRS. BEATRIX JEEVES, 351 Church Lane, London, N.W.9.

Bentley Replies

Dick Bentley

JAMES Edwards, a certain well-known horseman, has propagated a malicious rumour ("Free Speech," October 18) that I was born eighty-three years ago. This libel will not, however, draw me into disclosing my age. But I must refute it and point out that it may have a damaging effect on my admirers, both of whom are over eighty. — DICK BENTLEY, London, N.W.1.

Glowing Timber

FIREWOOD, which my husband had chopped and placed in a basket near the hearth, gave off a greenish glow when I happened to go into the unlighted room during the night. In daylight the logs looked quite ordinary, and seemed to have been cut from an old tree.—MRS. ARMSTRONG, 13 Hambridge Lane, Newbury, Berks.

It was fungus growing on the wood which was luminous There are several species which have luminous properties, the most common in Britain being the honey fungus (armillaria mellea).

Lino Toytown

ON the back of an old piece of linoleum my sister and I painted a map of our district, with streets, shops, houses, schools, lamps and trees. On wet days,

Jean (right) and her sister Lynn, aged eight

when we cannot go out to play, we "play on the streets" just the same—with our small dolls and clockwork motors. When we moved into our new house we had to make a new map, and it helped us to find out the position of everything in the district. — JEAN GUTHRIE (aged 13), 12 Leslie Avenue, Thornton Cleveleys, Blackpool.

Fetch The Engine

QUEER fires like those mentioned in Ronald Clark's article (JOHN BULL, October 18) are not unusual to me. I am a professional fireman and I agree with the writer that the majority of fires could be avoided if more precautions were taken. I recall two queer fires. A bird, building a nest, carried a lighted cigarette-end under the eaves of an old house and started a fire. The other was in a dry-cleaner's, where clothes were put into a drum of spirit and rotated at a high speed. Silk in the linings of several articles created static electricity which caused the spirit to explode.—FIREMAN, Middlesex.

A Well-run Home

WOMEN surprise me when they say that they must get home to settle down to a pile of mending. Ever since I was married I have regarded my sewing machine and workbox as part of my ironing equipment. If a shirt needs a button, or a blouse a stitch, they are done before the article is ironed. Everything is put away in good repair. There are no last-minute hunts for needle, thread or buttons just as it is time to catch the 8.30 train to town—MRS. V. LATHAM, 156 Queen's Road, London, S.W.19.

The Dark Moment

LIKE Margiad Evans, author of "A Ray Of Darkness" I have suffered from epilepsy. My most vivid impressions of the fits are two—the agonizing moment before the blackout, when I was aware of what was going to happen and longed for unconsciousness to end that intolerable sensation; and afterwards, when consciousness returns, the feeling of being "apart" from others. I heard the whispers of family friends—"She was dancing when . . ." and "She looked like she did last time." When I recovered, I felt it was a fresh beginning —each time with less hope—for a week, a month, a year. And then it was two years and more, and, with the passing of time, I knew that I was cured.—Miss D., London.

. . . Fourteen years old, and looking forward to the future, I felt the first terrible blow of epilepsy. I have suffered from it for sixteen years. But I am thankful for the advance in the treatment of epileptics, and in having an employer and colleagues who understand. I think that Margiad Evans must have had courage to set down her feelings, for there are many people who shrink from the very mention of the word.—E. C., Middlesex.

. . . I have felt sorry, in a vague way, for epilepsy sufferers, but, before reading these articles, I never understood how tragic the illness can be. I was deeply moved. — MRS. WINIFRED GILBEY, Southend-on-Sea, Essex.

. . . There are many victims of epilepsy, and this Association was formed to try to help them with their problems. We would be glad to offer assistance to any of your readers who might appreciate it.—MISS IRENE GAIRDNER, General Secretary, British Epilepsy Association, 7 Victoria Street, London, S.W.1.

The concluding instalment of "A Ray of Darkness" begins on page 17.

Gone With The Light

REMOVING my car licence from its holder to insert a new one, I found that the writing on the old licence had completely disappeared. It was issued by the Post Office. Do Government departments usually write with disappearing ink? — EDWARD CASHMORE, Gerrard Avenue, Timperley, Altrincham, Cheshire.

G.P.O. comment: We have had complaints before. Even inks which have been specially chosen for exposure to strong light have disappeared, and investigation is going on to find an ink that will remain legible.

No Sales Talk

SHOPKEEPERS and their assistants often reveal themselves surprisingly ignorant of their wares. In a florist's I asked if some bedding plants were perennials. The manageress replied, "No, they are daisies." In another shop I inquired if their apple trees were self-pollinating. "I don't think it matters," was the reply. "They were bought from a farmer in Chester."—MISS EVELYN JONES, Bebington, Cheshire.

Over The Border

SEVERAL English people are living in my village in North Wales. They scarcely acknowledge their fellow-

countrymen in the street, but they show a keen interest in Welsh culture and are proud of their few phrases of Welsh. When Welsh people settle outside Wales they soon form a St. David Society, or something similar. Is this difference because the Welsh are more cultured, or only that they are more nationalistic? —A. J., Caernarvonshire.

Letters intended for publication should be as brief as possible and include the sender's full name and address. John Bull pays a guinea for every letter printed. Readers with personal problems should send inquiries (other than medical) to John Bull Free Advice Service with a stamped addressed envelope for reply.

FROM MY FAMILY ALBUM

THE first men in my life were my father, my grandfather and my four brothers—Tom, Kenny, Jamie and Wally. They have more pompous names, but I have never heard them called anything else.

Granpa was a delightful old character, full of wonderful stories of early pioneering days in North America. Then there was my dad, a serious, almost stern, man, but quite a pioneer, too. My parents were childhood sweethearts and devoted to one another through many ups and downs and adventures.

The first two years of my life were spent in Canada, where I often slept in the open, surrounded by hot water bottles tucked into my baby carriage in the snow. This rugged start has served me well since, and I still like to sleep out of doors in good weather.

Soon after I was two we moved down to Grand Forks, North Dakota, where this picture was taken. Later we moved on to Burbank, California, where I caught my first glimpse of Hollywood.

We lived in a big, rambling house with stabling for four horses on eight acres of land. My brothers occupied one half of the house, my parents and I the other. Because I was the eldest I ruled my brothers sternly, but they were a lively quartet. I remember how Tom once threw a butcher's knife into my bedroom. I ducked quickly and caught him by the scruff of the neck and, as my granpa would have put it, severely chastized him. On another occasion James hurtled into the living-room while mother was entertaining friends. He was in his birthday suit, whooping and yelling, pretending to be a wild Indian. Once more I took it upon myself to teach one of my younger brothers better manners.

When not scrapping among ourselves we had a very happy time. My parents were deeply religious — to this day my mother and I attend divine service together whenever we can. If I failed to understand any point from the Bible, my father would tell me just not to worry; I would when I became old enough to understand spiritually.

At school I took lessons in dress designing, intending to make dressmaking my career. Before I could get started I began working as a photographer's model. A film scout called on my boss and took away a batch of photographs—including one of myself. A few days later a film company asked me to report to their studios for a screen test. Almost before I knew it, I was in films.

Today she is a famous film star. *For her name, see page 39*

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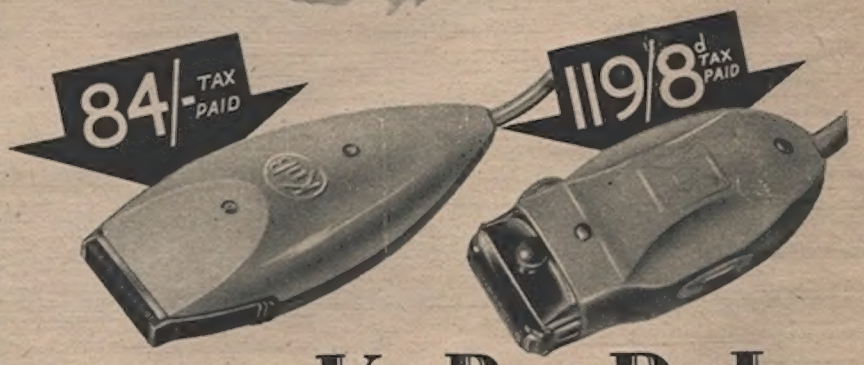

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Adolf Hitler

A STUDY IN TYRANNY
by ALAN BULLOCK

ON AUGUST 11, 1910, a ragged, wild-eyed, twenty-one year old casual labourer slouched into the witness box of a district police court in Vienna and gave evidence against a tramp who was accused of swindling. The witness gave his address as the Men's Hostel, 27 Meldemann Strasse, and his profession as "artist," though for most of the eighteen months that he had spent in Vienna he had lived by odd jobs, carrying bags at the West Station, beating carpets, shovelling winter snow off the streets.

When he first arrived in the city from his home on the north-western frontier of the Austro-Hungarian empire, he had lodged in furnished rooms. But his money ran out and, after a spell of sleeping on park benches, he found a bed in a doss-house behind Meidling Station in the extreme south-west of the city. There, sitting on his bed in an old torn pair of trousers, while the rest of his clothes were being cleaned of lice, he fell into conversation with a tramp from German Bohemia.

The pair joined forces in looking for casual labour, but the winter cold was hard on the young "artist" who had no top coat, and the tramp suggested that there was an easier and more comfortable living to be made out of painting postcard views of Vienna and selling them at fairs and in cafés. The Austrian, with fifty kroner that he got from his half-sister, Angela, bought cards, inks and paints and began to produce rather stiff, lifeless studies of Vienna (he could never cope with figure work); and the German began touting them through the streets.

But they fell out over their earnings. The artist copied a drawing of the Vienna Parliament building which he thought should sell for fifty kroner. The tramp claimed that he had got only ten kroner for it. There was a quarrel. The tramp disappeared from the hostel, and the artist, with typical cunning, persuaded Siegfried Loeffner, another inmate of the hostel, to lodge a complaint with the police. The tramp was found guilty and given a week in jail.

The tramp, whose name was Reinhold Hanisch, left his faint, grubby fingerprint on the police files of Vienna; the artist, Adolf Hitler, was to etch his own name in fire and blood across the pages of history.

It would have been an improbable, ludicrous thought, in the late summer of 1910, that this tattered, splenetic starveling should ever return to Vienna as its master, enslave the German people, and bring Western civilization to near ruin. For he was a pitiful sight.

At the hostel, a Hungarian Jewish old clothes dealer named Neumann had given him an ancient black overcoat which came down below his knees. From under a greasy black trilby, his hair hung low over his coat collar. His thin and hungry face was covered with a black beard, above which his large staring eyes were the one prominent feature. So far, in his twenty-one years of life, he had succeeded only in being a failure.

Adolf Hitler was born at half-past six on the evening of April 20, 1889, in the *Gasthof zum Pommer*, an inn in the small town of Braunau on the River Inn. (In 1889, Mussolini was the six-year-old child of a blacksmith in the bleak Romagna; Stalin a poor cobbler's son in Tiflis.)

Alois Hitler, Adolf's father, was a minor official in the Austrian customs at the time the child was born. His domestic life had been far from stable. His first wife had left him, and his first child was born out of wedlock to a young hotel cook Franziska Matzelberger, whom he subsequently married. Franziska soon died of tuberculosis and in

FIRST COMPLETE ACCOUNT OF THE DICTATOR'S LIFE, BASED ON THE NEW BEST-SELLER—A BOOK SOCIETY RECOMMENDATION

1914. Among a cheering Munich crowd listening to the proclamation of war was an unknown, penniless artist named Hitler. In this chance picture he is shown circled

Hitler (right). Comrades found him "a peculiar fellow" who never grumbled and did not care for leave or girls

1885 he married Klara, a second cousin more than twenty years younger than himself.

Alois had himself been born out of wedlock. His father, Johann Georg Hiedler, was a miller who never settled in one place for long. In 1842 he married a peasant girl named Maria Anna Schicklgruber, after having lived with her for several years. In 1837 she had had an illegitimate child, who was named Alois and was presumably Johann's son. But it was not until June, 1876, when Johann was eighty-four, that he legally testified before a notary that he was Alois's father, and Alois changed his name from Schicklgruber to Hitler.

Of Alois's seven children, only four survived infancy—Adolf, his younger sister, Paula, and an older stepbrother and stepsister by the second marriage. Only Angela, his stepsister, played any part in Adolf's life. For a time she kept house for him in the famous Berghof, at Berchtesgaden, and it was her daughter, Geli Raubal, with whom Hitler fell in love.

Row With His Father

Hitler's childhood was mostly spent in the neighbourhood of Linz, the city on the Danube which is the capital of Upper Austria. He had his first schooling in the village school at Fischlham, and then in the Benedictine monastery at Lambach, where he was a chorister. After his father settled at Leonding, where he had bought a small house for his retirement, the boy was sent to the grammar school in Linz itself. Hitler was then eleven, and soon afterwards came into conflict with his stubborn sixty-year-old father.

His father wanted to turn him into a State official like himself. Hitler wanted to be a painter. "My father was speechless: 'A painter? An artist?' he exclaimed. 'Not as long as I live, never.' At this our struggle became stalemate. My father would not abandon his 'Never.' I became all the more stubborn in my 'Nevertheless.'" Whether this was the real cause of the conflict or not, there is no doubt that Hitler disliked and was on bad terms with his father, a sour and self-willed disciplinarian who had little sympathy with his son and was angered by his failure to do well at school.

After a year or two at Linz, Adolf Hitler was moved to another school at Steyr and left for good in September, 1905, without the usual school-leaving certificate, a failure which rankled a long time and found frequent expression in sneers at "educated gentlemen" with their diplomas and certificates. His final report described his command of the German language as inadequate and the appearance of his written work as displeasing.

By then, his father was dead. His mother, who spoiled him and was indulgent where his father had been over-strict, kept the home going with her husband's small pension and savings, while the ill-disciplined and lazy boy, now turned sixteen, made fitful attempts to prepare himself for entry to the Vienna Academy of Fine Arts. His dream of becoming a great artist served as an excuse for refusing to settle to any steady work, but in October, 1907, he was rejected in the Academy's entry examination.

A year later he presented himself again. This time the drawings he submitted were so poor that he was not even admitted to the test. His attempts to enter the Academy's School of Architecture as a second-best choice failed at the same time for lack of a school-leaving certificate. Angry and resentful, he returned to Linz to find his mother dying of cancer. He had nothing but failure to show for his mother's efforts to support him during the three years since he had left school and, when she died at the end of the year, he found himself alone, without resources and without a trade.

Packing his belongings in a bag, he set out to seek his fortune again in Vienna—"determined to become 'something,' but certainly not a government official." The four years that he spent in Vienna, unknown and lonely in a city of 2,000,000 inhabitants, Hitler described as the unhappiest of his life. They were also the formative years in which his character and opinions were given definite shape.

The Soap Poster Artist

After his quarrel with the tramp, Reinhold Hanisch, Hitler continued to eke out a living in the same way, acting as his own salesman, first in Vienna, later in Munich. In addition to the postcard copies of buildings and views, he drew posters and amateurish advertisements for small shops—Teddy Perspiration Powder, Santa Claus selling coloured candles, or St. Stefan's spire rising over a mountain of soap, with the signature "A. Hitler" added in the corner.

He was lazy and moody. He disliked regular work, yet his indolence was mixed with ambition and bursts of energy. In an exuberant mood he would talk of making his fortune, and begin to spend it in anticipation. He was full of ingenious ideas, from water-divining to designing an aeroplane. But he was incapable of the hard work and application needed to carry out his projects, and his enthusiasm would rapidly flag. If he earned a few crowns he refused to draw for days and went off to a café to eat cream cakes and read newspapers.

Hitler had none of the common vices. He neither smoked nor drank, nor had he any women friends. His passions were reading newspapers and talking politics. He would argue excitedly about politics, shouting and waving his arms in defence of the most extreme opinions. One evening he went to a cinema to see *The Tunnel*, a film in which an agitator rouses the working masses by his speeches. "Hitler almost went crazy," says Hanisch. "For days afterwards he talked about nothing except the power of the spoken word."

He Was Above The Crowd

He read a great deal, borrowing the books from the public library, but his reading was indiscriminate and unsystematic. Ancient Rome, the Eastern religions, Yoga, Occultism, hypnotism, Astrology, Protestantism, each in turn excited his interest for a moment. He started a score of jobs but failed to make anything of them and relapsed into the old hand-to-mouth existence.

Hitler clung obstinately to any belief that would bolster up his claim to be superior to the people with whom he was forced to mix. He felt nothing but contempt for the working-classes and conceived a violent hatred for organizations like the Social Democratic Party and the trade unions which preached equality and class solidarity. In his eyes, the inequality of individuals and of races was one of the laws of Nature. To deny this was to threaten the belief that kept him going, that he was different from the motley crowd with which he rubbed shoulders in the Vienna streets.

Then came the revelation which explained everything. "I discovered the connection between this destructive teaching and the specific character of a people who up to that time had been almost unknown to me—the Jews. . . . One day, when passing through the Inner City, I suddenly encountered a phenomenon in a long caftan and wearing black sidelocks. My first thought was: is this a Jew? They certainly did not have this appearance in

Linz. I watched the man stealthily and cautiously, but the longer I gazed at this strange countenance, and examined it section by section, the more the question shaped itself in my brain: is this a German? I turned to books for help in removing my doubt. For the first time in my life I bought myself some anti-Semitic pamphlets." The consequences of this discovery in the mind of a young down-and-out in a Vienna slum were to constitute one of the most terrible pages in the history of Europe.

Hitler's anti-Semitism bore no relation to facts; it was pure fantasy. To read the pages devoted to the Jews in his book, *Mein Kampf* (My Struggle) is to enter the world of the insane. The Jew is no longer a human being, he has become a mythical figure, a grimacing, leering devil invested with infernal powers, the incarnation of evil into which Hitler projects all that he hates and fears—and desires. The Jew is everywhere, responsible for everything—for the modernism in art and music which Hitler disliked; pornography and prostitution; the anti-national criticism of the Press; the exploitation of the masses by capitalism, and its reverse, the exploitation of the masses by Socialism; not least for Hitler's own failure to get on.

Behind all this, Hitler soon convinced himself, lay a Jewish world conspiracy to destroy and subdue the Aryan peoples, as an act of revenge for their own inferiority. The purpose of the Jews was to weaken the nation by fomenting class conflict, to attack the true values of race, the right of the strongest, and authoritarian rule in favour of the false gods of democracy, with its monstrous teaching of the equality of man and friendship between peoples.

Doss-house Philosophy

"It is not by the principles of humanity," Hitler declared in 1928, "that man lives or is able to preserve himself above the animal world, but solely by means of the most brutal struggle. . . . Whatever goal man has reached is due to his originality plus his brutality."

This is the natural philosophy of the doss-house, and it was learned during the years he spent in Vienna. Tramping the streets of this big, unfriendly city he came to hate those who enjoyed the warmth of human friendship and the security of their own homes, came to despise every quality, except cunning, unscrupulousness and hardness, the qualities which enabled a man to rise above the masses and exert his will over them.

In 1913, Hitler left Vienna for Munich. He took a place ("Furnished Room for Respectable Man") with a tailor's family by the name of Popp in a poor quarter near the barracks. His life followed much the same pattern as before. His dislike of regular work had hardened into a habit, and he continued to make a precarious living by drawing posters and sketches. He gave the same impression of eccentricity and lack of balance, brooding and muttering to himself over his extravagant theories of race, anti-Semitism and anti-Marxism, then bursting out in wild, sarcastic diatribes. He spent more time in cafés and beer cellars, devouring the newspapers and arguing about politics, or he would sit in his poorly furnished room reading the books he borrowed from the public library.

Murder That Led To War

So a year passed, until in the summer of 1914 the murder of the Austrian Archduke Franz Ferdinand at Sarajevo touched off the crisis which was to lead to war. Hitler's first reaction to the news of the assassination was uncertain. He had no wish to see Germany embroiled in war for the sake of the Habsburgs. But as events moved towards the outbreak of a general European conflict, he brushed aside his doubts. "It was not a case of Austria fighting to get satisfaction from Serbia, but of Germany fighting for her own existence. Face to face with

Continued on page 22

Hitler's mother, Klara, spoilt her son. She died of cancer when he was nineteen

Baby Adolf. He was born at an inn in a small Austrian town on April 20, 1889

Alois Hitler, a sour, strict man, disliked Adolf, who was his son by his third wife

Ten-year-old Hitler (centre, top row) at a village school near Linz, Austria. His final school report described his command of the German language as inadequate, his written work displeasing

B. J. stood and glowered at me. He beckoned the corporal over. "There's ten million lire in this car," he said, "and we're going to find 'em"

The Brigadier smells a rat

by ***BRUCE MARSHALL***

ILLUSTRATED BY SHOWELL

The men fell like ninepins for Crystal—including the Brigadier. What that girl wouldn't do for democracy!

WHEN I WAS IN the Displaced Persons Division in Vienna, a good many people envied me my secretary, Crystal. I didn't envy myself. Crystal wasn't a very good secretary. However, I couldn't do anything about that, because of democracy. Perhaps I was a little in love with her, but her beauty made me shy.

Barbizon Jones was a red-haired civilian in the Treasury Branch with only two ideas in his head: foreign exchange and Crystal. This morning, however, Crystal didn't give him much chance. As soon as he entered, she swayed alluringly out of the room, to find out how many "t's" there were in "committee."

"That gorgeous girl!" he sighed when she had gone.

"I'm busy," I said. "Would you mind stating the object of your visit?"

"I came to tell you that the Treasury ruling is that Polish zlotys are unexportable from Austria."

"I've known that for the last two years," I said angrily.

"I thought you'd like to know again. So long, old boy."

Crystal came back almost at once, followed by an elegant, dark young woman.

"*Signore,* I am in trouble," my visitor said. "I am both an Italian and a Czech displaced person. My parents were Italian, but I was born in Prague."

"Displaced Czechs in Vienna must apply to the Russians for repatriation," I said. "But if you are still an Italian subject then perhaps I can help you."

The young woman glanced significantly at Crystal.

"Miss Benton-Hirst, perhaps now you wouldn't mind going and finding out how many '*m*'s' there are in 'committee,'" I said.

"You may understand better when I tell you that I am La Valdi," my visitor said, when Crystal had slunk out sulkily.

"The singer?" I said and made a little bow. Even I had heard of La Valdi.

"*Signore,* for five years I have not sung. Now I wish to go back to Italy and sing."

"Why haven't you applied for repatriation before?"

"You make me speak of delicate matters," she said, lowering her long eyelashes. "I was in love with an Austrian pianist. But now the passions are finished. So also are the Austrian schillings. Fortunately I still have here in Vienna Italian lire."

"It is illegal for foreigners in Austria to hold in their possession any currency or currencies other than Austrian." I had learned this from B. J. himself when he came in to moon at Crystal.

"Nice things are generally illegal, *Signor Maggiore.*" She fluttered her long eyelashes

tantalizingly. "Ten million lire may be illegal, but you will not deny that they are very pleasant."

"I'm sorry, *Signora*," I said, determined not to weaken. "You must surrender your lire before leaving Austria. We shall give you a receipt which you will present to the Banco d'Italia, who will reimburse you six months later."

"And how am I going to live until I find an engagement?" My visitor was quite beautiful in her anger. "In that case I shall be a Czech. I shall sing in Prague instead of in Rome. A Russian officer who is very fond of me has asked me to the opera tonight. I think that I shall be able to persuade him to exchange my Italian lire for Czechoslovakian kroner."

"But that would not be democratic," I said.

"I begin to think I do not believe any more in democracy," La Valdi said, and stalked out.

Crystal came back again and I soon forgot my visitor when I started dictating. I was spelling out "Croats" in case Crystal should type it as "goats" when Sanderson came in.

SANDERSON was an aesthete in the Arts and Crafts Division who wore his medal ribbons in inverse order because he thought they looked prettier that way.

"This time I have not come to ogle Miss Benton-Hirst but to speak about the visit you've just received from La Valdi," he said, looking not at me but at Crystal. "His Majesty's Government is anxious that she should return to Italy. You see, because of her dual nationality the Russians are after her as well."

"I fail to understand how it can possibly matter to His Majesty's Government whether a caterwauling soprano is repatriated by ourselves or the Russians."

"I'm afraid you don't understand about culture, old boy," Sanderson said pityingly. "A cold war is fought with all sorts of weapons. Music matters as much as munitions. The more the West understands art the greater will be its spirit. If La Valdi sings in Rome instead of Prague, democracy will be the richer."

"In that case, His Majesty's Government ought to alter its exchange regulations." I told Sanderson briefly what B. J. had ruled about foreign currency and displaced persons.

"But it's monstrous," Sanderson said. "The man must be made to change his mind."

"I'm afraid you don't know B. J.," I said. "And in any case, La Valdi has already taken the bit between her teeth. She's going to the opera tonight with a Russian officer whom she says will give her Czechoslovakian kroner for her Italian lire."

"I can't tell you how important this is," Sanderson said. "Tell B. J. that the Brigadier will take a very dim view indeed if La Valdi goes to Prague instead of Rome."

"That still leaves La Valdi," I said. "She's gone and I don't know where to get hold of her."

I admit I was worried, but I was used to being asked to do impossible things; and when Sanderson had gone I soon persuaded myself that, foreign exchange regulations being what they were, it was not my fault if the Eastern nations gained an opera singer and the Western nations lost one.

I was trying to tell Crystal how to spell "Herzegovinian" when the Brigadier rang up.

"The subject is that Italian hyena," he began. "You've got to get her back to Italy. It is most important. I shall expect a report at nine hundred hours the day after tomorrow that the necessary steps have been taken."

I told the Brigadier about the exchange regulations. "Perhaps, sir, if you were to have a word with B. J. . . ." I said.

"You ought to know by now, Jenkins, that I have no authority where the Treasury is concerned. All that's required is a little initiative. Use your loaf, Jenkins. Repatriate that woman to Italy. I don't care how it's done, but it's got to be done. That's an order. Use your loaf, Jenkins."

As the Brigadier hung up angrily, B. J. strolled in to take his before-lunch look at Crystal. But even when I had told him about La Valdi and about what Sanderson and the Brigadier had said, he was still adamant.

"I'm sorry, old boy. It's a Treasury regulation."

There was a silence during which B. J. popped lugubrious eyes at the back of Crystal's head.

I suddenly had an idea. I had never left B. J. alone with Crystal and I was sure he was too nervous to have spoken to her outside.

"Excuse me, I've got to see Davis," I said.

When I came back ten minutes later, Crystal had left for lunch, but B. J. was still there, wearing a pleased expression.

"Come clean," I said. "Admit you haven't been talking to her about foreign currency."

B. J. blushed. "I asked her to come to the opera tonight and I'm glad to say she accepted."

"Look here, B. J., how would it be if you and I were to exchange secretaries? There are no Treasury regulations against that, are there?"

"I hope, Jenkins, that you are not attempting to bribe me." B. J. spoke very coldly.

I said nothing.

"The Treasury Regulations stipulate that Italian lire must be removed from all repatriates before they leave Austria," B. J. said sternly. "Be careful, Jenkins; from now on I'm watching you carefully." He walked primly out of my office.

All that afternoon I racked my brains to discover a means of obeying the Brigadier's seemingly impossible order. I cursed Crystal even when she spelled correctly.

"You're nasty and I hate you," she said. "And on top of it all you practically force me into a date with that sissy B. J. Do you want me to make eyes at him until he promises to let that floosie out of Austria with her lire?"

"How ever did you guess?" I asked.

"Darling, I'm not so green as I'm cabbage-looking," she said, looking at me sadly out of her long, lovely face.

"Listen," I said. "It was because of democracy."

CRYSTAL loved that word "democracy." Reluctantly, she promised to do her best and went gloomily to keep her appointment with B. J. Doubtful of her success, I tried to think up an alternative plan. B. J. was the representative of a set of incompetent representatives elected by a woolly headed public ignorant of the difference between a Greek drachma and an Argentinian peso. It was therefore my duty to take things into my own hands. The Brigadier had, after all, told me to use my loaf.

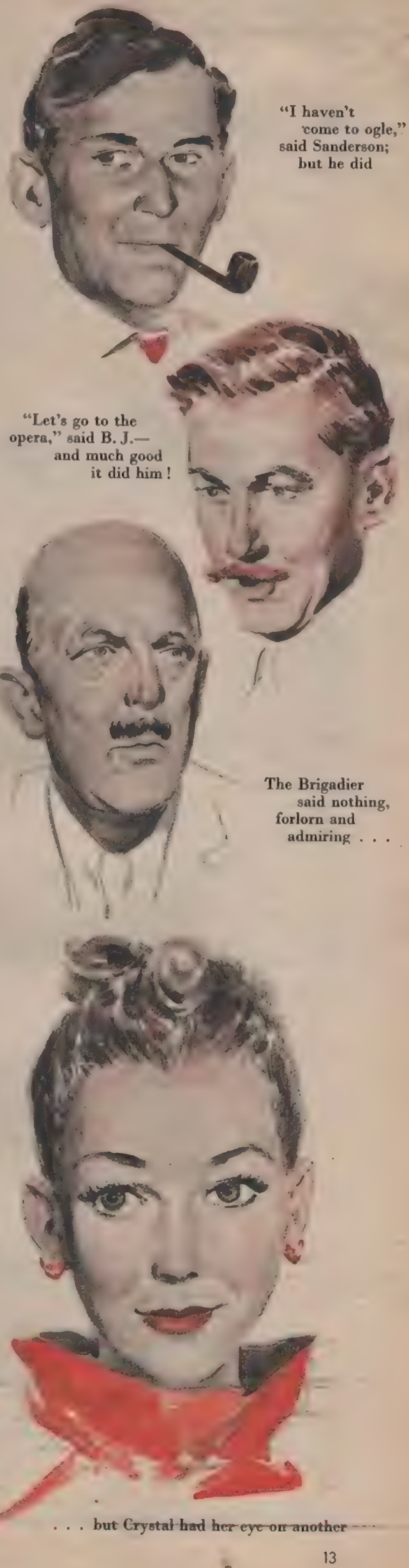
The solution was simple. That very night, I would drive La Valdi down to the Italian frontier and trust that the military police would take her for my secretary and not search her luggage. My grey pass through the Russian Zone was made out for myself and a driver, but from previous experience I knew that it was unlikely that the Soviet sentry would examine it closely.

I drove to the Theater an der Wien in high spirits. But I didn't locate La Valdi until the first interval, when I found her parading up and down the vestibule on the arm of her Russian escort.

"Major Malinski is my very good friend," La Valdi said as she introduced us. "He has promised to give me Czechoslovakian kroner for seventy-five per cent of my lire."

"The Union of Socialist Soviet Republics recognizes the value of great artists," Major-

Continued on page 35



"I haven't come to ogle," said Sanderson; but he did

"Let's go to the opera," said B. J.— and much good it did him!

The Brigadier said nothing, forlorn and admiring . . .

. . . but Crystal had her eye on another

Tom Whittaker gives Arsenal its kick

by KEITH ELLIS

Soccer's highest-paid manager has fingers that massage new life into match-weary limbs, a gift for inspiring loyalty, and an office door that's always open for players' problems

BILL DODGIN WAS WORRIED. It was the fifth round of the F.A. Cup in 1948 and Fulham, a Second Division side, was drawn to play Everton. As manager, Dodgin was anxious to field the best team possible, but two players had recently pulled thigh muscles and, though Dodgin was sure they were fit, the men themselves were uncertain. On the Friday morning, he called them into his office. "I'm going to take you to the best trainer in the game," he said. That afternoon he introduced them to Tom Whittaker, secretary-manager of Arsenal.

Whittaker is a substantial, fatherly figure. His arms are like hams and his back like a barn-door, yet, when he examined their thighs, he pinched and probed with fingers as sensitive as a surgeon's. Then he strapped them up and pronounced them fit. Next day, they materially helped Fulham to hold Everton to a 1-1 draw, a result which was converted in the replay to a victory of 1-0. "Tom Whittaker gave them just that bit of confidence they needed," says Dodgin.

Tom Whittaker's ability to give players confidence was largely responsible for his success as a trainer. It has also been responsible for the belief of at least two of his rivals that he is the greatest manager Arsenal has ever had. In addition he can, to a remarkable degree, instil in a player a personal loyalty to Tom Whittaker.

The last Cup Final was an example. The team were ageing. Sir Bracewell Smith, president of Arsenal, has described them as "indifferent." When Wally Barnes was injured in the twelfth minute, spectators tensed themselves for utter annihilation. Instead, they saw ten men hold Newcastle to a win of only one goal to nil. "The score might well have been five-nil," says Arthur Rowe, manager of Tottenham, "but they weren't just playing for their wages, they were playing for Tom Whittaker."

Team's Resurrection

When Whittaker was appointed team manager halfway through the 1946-47 season, Arsenal were next to the bottom of the First Division. Of the next twenty games, they won ten, drew six and lost only four. They finished thirteenth. Though there were many candidates for the post of secretary-manager when George Allison retired at the end of the season, Whittaker was the obvious choice. Next year Arsenal jumped to the top of the League. Two years later, they won the Cup.

Whittaker's reputation is now international. He is known as Mr. Tom to most European soccer executives, and as the King of Football in the soccer-mad republics of South America. He has twice refused five-figure offers from Italian clubs. In Britain, his popularity with his fellow-managers, several of whom bring him their problems, has made him chairman of the Secretary-Managers' Association.

"I start," he says, "by thinking that a player is out there to give everything he's got." Last season, one first team footballer played badly in a long run of matches. Letters poured in. Pleas to drop the player mingled with allegations that he was a cousin of Whittaker's wife. Whittaker refused to yield and, shortly afterwards, the player found his form. Another time, when he decided to place on the free transfer list eight players who had not proved their worth, he got special permission from the Football Association to pay them their accrued benefits.

Such treatment breeds a personal loyalty that can sometimes be embarrassing. On one of the few occasions before the war when Whittaker failed to be chosen as England's trainer, he watched an international match from the stand. The team knew he was there. Suddenly a player went down. As the trainer bent over with dripping sponge, the player gasped: "I don't want you, I want Tom Whittaker."

Salary Is A Secret

As secretary-manager of Arsenal, Whittaker is not so close to his players as the managers of smaller, less famous clubs. His salary, though never revealed, is believed to be the highest in British football. His office is like that of a high business executive, with polished oak floor, a red carpet, oak panelling, carved oak bookcases and a huge mahogany desk with a glass top. The door is different: it is always open.

Whittaker has made himself the father-figure of Arsenal. He has seen every married player's house and every single player's lodgings. When a player is ill, he asks for his address, jumps in his car and drives to see him. Such actions are as much a matter of policy as of feeling. After calling a new player to his office for a friendly chat, he remarked: "That lad will always remember that the boss sent for him during his first week at the Arsenal."

Later, the new boy will call Whittaker "Tom" —but it will be out of respect, not familiarity. He will bring his problems to Whittaker's office without being asked. When Wally Barnes decided to open a sports shop, Whittaker advised him and offered him the services of the Arsenal legal department; once it was established he diverted to it a part of Arsenal's business. He helped one old player to choose a taxi, another a café. When Cliff Bastin married just before the war, Whittaker helped him to choose a house.

As famous as Arsenal's manager are the club's dressing-rooms. Whittaker (standing) planned

Every morning, before climbing to his first-floor office, Whittaker looks into the dressing-room. "He can tell at a glance everything that's going on," says Jack Crayston, his assistant manager. At half-time, before and after the game, he is also in the dressing-room, reassuring, discussing tactics.

In this, Whittaker is doing no more than any other good manager, but he has something more that is difficult to define. "It's his 'kidology,'" says Alex James, ex-Arsenal and Scottish International. "He tells a mediocre player that in some particular way he's better than everyone else. The player believes it." Whittaker himself confessed in his training days that the magic of his sponge was psychological. "A reassuring talk while the water is being squeezed, telling a player he is not hurt, is what generally works the miracle," he said.

At fifty-two, Whittaker's features are thickening and his hair is falling back. Though his huge frame is accumulating fat, he has lost little of his strength. When Fred Grosvenor, a dressing-room attendant, recently brought him a cup of tea in his office, he remarked: "You're getting old and fat, Tom. You spend too much time in your car." Whittaker leaped out of his chair and round his desk. Lifting Grosvenor from the floor, he shook him like a rat and carried him over to the open window. "*Now* who's getting old and fat?" he demanded.

Whittaker's gift for handling men of all kinds is tested to the utmost by his voluminous correspondence. "He often gets letters which, to put it

them himself. He put in electrically heated bath-rooms, and marble floors in place of concrete

In the 1952 Cup Final, Arsenal, with ten men, held Newcastle United to a one-nil win. Logie and Holton (right) challenge the Newcastle goalkeeper in a tense moment during the match at Wembley

mildly, are extremely critical," says his secretary, Miss Grover. All get a courteous reply. With one correspondent, who started as a bitter critic, he now exchanges Christmas cards. Many have accepted his invitation to discuss their views.

He was perhaps most severely tried when he received a snarling complaint from a man who had watched a match from the directors' box as a guest of the club. Arsenal hospitality is lavish. Besides having an unrivalled view of the game, the guest is regaled with whisky, cocktails and cigars. The man in question was loudly demanding another drink when the barman politely told him he'd had enough.

Whittaker invited him to his office. Immediately, he launched into his grievance. "I particularly object to your barman telling me when I've had enough," he concluded. Whittaker heard him out. Then he asked quietly: "By the way, how much did you pay for your ticket?" The argument was over. Sir Bracewell Smith says of Whittaker: "I don't think he could be rude."

Soccer Changed Career

Thomas James Whittaker was born in 1898 at the Cavalry Barracks, Aldershot, the son of a sergeant-major in the 12th Lancers. At fourteen, he left school to serve an apprenticeship with Hawthorn Leslie, the Tyneside marine engineers, and continued his studies at night. In 1916, he joined the Army and became an ordnance engineer with the Royal Garrison Artillery.

Meanwhile, he had played football at school, and later for Newcastle Swifts. In 1919, a representative of Arsenal asked him if he would like a month's trial. Whittaker had almost decided to join the regular Navy as a marine engineer, but he accepted. He liked it so much that, when he was offered professional status, he abandoned his engineering career and settled down to a life of football.

After two seasons as reserve centre-forward, he joined the first team as centre-half, moving to full-back in 1923. "He was a thin, raw-boned youngster," says Joe Shaw, Arsenal's representative, who was then captain. "He wasn't brilliant, just a good club man. But he was willing to take on anybody." Next summer, the Football Association selectors chose him to play for England in an Australian tour.

That tour ended his playing career. After a knee injury in the third game, he returned to England for an operation by Sir Robert Jones, the famous Liverpool surgeon, who told him he would never play soccer again. But during his months in hospital, he became interested in physiotherapy. Sir Robert encouraged him. When he left the nursing home, the surgeon planned for him a year's course at the London hospitals.

Meanwhile, Herbert Chapman, the manager of Arsenal, allowed him to help in the dressing-room. This practical work combined so well with the theory he learned at night that at the end of the year he collected a sheaf of diplomas. Chapman was impressed and signed him as assistant trainer. "That was the greatest thing Chapman ever did," says Alex James. A year later, he was appointed chief trainer; at the end of his first season, Arsenal won the Cup.

Physiotherapy had first interested Whittaker because he was already interested in engineering, "and in some ways, the human body is much like an engine." As trainer, he also found unexpected scope for his engineering skill. At that time, the Arsenal dressing-rooms were old-fashioned. Gradually he redesigned them. In place of the stone floors, oak was laid in the dressing-rooms and terrazzo in the bathrooms, both with dust-proof corners. Later the bath-room floors were electrically heated. Thousands of pounds worth of electrical therapy apparatus was installed—apparatus that Whittaker was qualified to maintain and repair as well as operate. Also, he was able to try out the dressing-room gadgets suggested by supporters. Some of these, like a series of wooden legs to keep player's stockings in shape after washing, are now standard with Arsenal.

Famous As A Healer

Though Highbury was renowned for these dressing-rooms, the first of their kind, it was even more renowned for the healing powers of Tom Whittaker. Ted Drake, who claims to have spent more time on his table than any other player, says that Tom concentrated so deeply on the treatment he was giving that he would be completely unaware of remarks made by his patient.

George Male, former Arsenal and England right-back, now on the Arsenal staff, was once kicked on the knee. Water appeared and gradually spread to the ankle until his whole leg swelled "like a bladder of lard." For days, Whittaker bound it from foot to thigh with crêpe bandage, left it for a quarter of an hour, released it for a quarter of an hour, then re-bandaged it. He kept on doing this well into the evening, until it was cured. "He gave just that little bit more than other trainers," says Male. "If necessary, he would work on a player all night."

Whittaker lost no opportunity of adding to his knowledge. He watched, in the hospital theatre, every operation performed on an Arsenal

player. He once differed from a specialist on the diagnosis of an injury that lasted a year, and was eventually proved to be right. He was so successful that, in the middle thirties, it became fashionable for sporting and social celebrities to take treatment under the "surgeon-trainer" for all manner of stiff and aching limbs.

One morning, Steve Donoghue rang George Allison, who was then manager, and explained that he wanted to ride Renardo in the St. Leger the following week. "There's something wrong with my foot," he said. "I can't ride because I'm in agony. Do you think Tom Whittaker can do anything for me?" Allison invited him to Highbury. Whittaker worked on the foot, and Donoghue was able to ride. Whittaker also treated the cricketers Jardine, Allen, Leyland and Macaulay. Sir Philip Sassoon, when he was Under-Secretary for Air, came with a badly injured knee, and hockey international Marjorie Pollard was treated for a damaged ankle.

Sportsmen about to enter international events thronged to Highbury. For his last big fight in England, Pete Sarron, then world featherweight champion, trained under Whittaker, as did Rose and Scott the airmen, Bernard Gadney, the English rugger captain, speedway riders Jack Parker and Jack Ormston, and several ice-hockey players. Fred Perry was so impressed with his regimen that he persuaded the Lawn Tennis Association to ask Whittaker to train the 1936 Davis Cup team.

Present From Maharaja

For all these extra-curricular activities, Whittaker received no money—and only one present. He had treated an Indian maharaja, who for years had been unable to use his right arm. A few days later, he returned to Highbury. "I've been writing letters this morning for four hours," he said, "and as a token of my appreciation, I would like to give your Mr. Whittaker a small present." He called into the office two servants, each of whom was carrying a bale of cloth. Whittaker was asked to choose which he would like. He picked blindly, and that night bore it home convinced that he was carrying a bale of priceless silk. Proudly, he presented it to his wife. She fingered the texture. "Might do for scullery curtains," she observed.

Even if Whittaker's talents were not appreciated by the maharaja, the Football Association was more discerning. Harry Huband, who was in charge of almost all England's representative sides between the wars, says: "I always chose Whittaker for trainer. He was more than a trainer. He was a major-domo who could take a load of responsibility off your shoulders." As England's trainer, Whittaker toured nearly every country in Europe, South Africa, Canada and the United States.

Besides keeping the team happy and helping with the staff work, Whittaker as an old player was able to turn up an occasional trick on the field of play. In Canada, for instance, the England team, who were accustomed to heavy grounds, tended to sky the ball when playing on the frost-bound pitches of North America. Whittaker restored the balance by secretly inserting in the match balls an extra bladder, which had the effect of making the ball as heavy as it would be under English conditions.

In the nineteen-thirties, England sides included many Arsenal players. After one game in 1934, every single player except the goalkeeper was injured. To Whittaker's concern as England's trainer was added the worry of knowing that six of the injured were Arsenal men, and that he had to prepare them for a League game on the following Saturday.

Whittaker was extremely serious about his work. When he stood at the front of the coach checking the names of players on their way to a game, his face was so grim that he earned the nickname "Cause of Death." In the knock-abouts of the dressing-room, his seriousness would sometimes make him the butt of the players. Train-times for match dates were always posted on the dressing-room notice-board on Friday mornings, but suddenly, a player who very well knew the time would ask: "Tom, what time does the train leave?" Whittaker would tell him and never dream of referring him to the board. A few seconds later, someone else would ask: "Tom, *what* time's the train?" Patiently, Whittaker repeated it. Seconds later, another voice would shout: "*What* time did you say, Tom?" Says George Male: "Suddenly, he'd tumble to it and dust the seats with us."

In those days, Whittaker was tremendously strong. Several times in dressing-room rags he picked players up and deposited them single-handed in cold baths. When Alex James tried to retaliate with four beefy players to help him, Whittaker shook them off as a terrier shakes off water.

Worked On D-Day Plans

When war broke out in 1939, Whittaker became a physical training officer in the R.A.F. A group captain discovered Whittaker's engineering qualifications and told him bluntly: "You're wasting your time." Whittaker was posted to an engineering course. Halfway through, a high-ranking officer who had heard of his medical abilities asked if he would like to take charge of a rehabilitation centre for wounded pilots. "I couldn't," says Whittaker, "because it would seem I had failed in engineering." He finished the course and spent the rest of his war service on technical work, still secret, connected with the D-Day landings.

Just as he had concentrated on physiotherapy to become one of soccer's greatest trainers, Whittaker concentrated on engineering to the exclution of everything else. He travelled constantly and worked until the small hours of the morning, seven days a week for weeks at a time. By the end of the war he was a squadron leader, the top man at his particular job.

He soft-pedalled his football associations so thoroughly that Arthur Frost, a fellow officer, lived and worked with him for six months before it occurred to him that he might be Whittaker of Arsenal. "I think he believed that no one would believe that he could be a good engineer as well," says Frost.

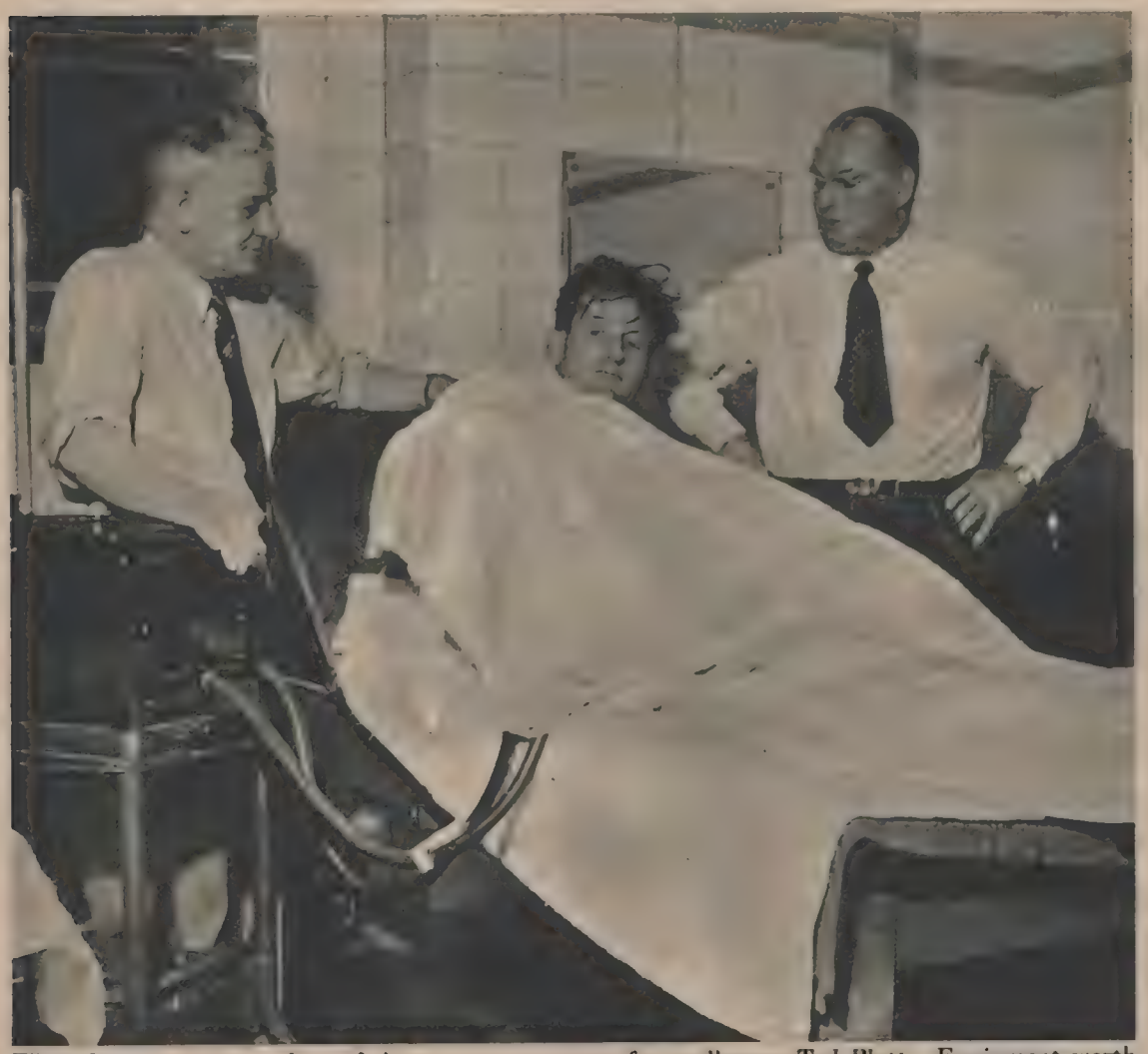
Since Whittaker became manager in 1948, Arsenal's record has been such that most people are extremely wary of criticizing Whittaker's managership. Alex James says: "We all said he ought to buy players at the beginning of last season. We prophesied that the team was ageing and wouldn't hold its own. Yet what did they do? They nearly won both Cup and League." Whittaker's policy of refusing to pay "silly" transfer fees was justified.

Fear Of Sack Banished

It has been said that Whittaker is sentimental in retaining mediocre players. Arsenal has fifty-two professionals on its books—more, probably, than any other team—and some people think that a few of them are there only because Whittaker is too big-hearted to sack them. "He's too easy," says Alex James. "When he tells a player, 'This is your last chance,' you can tell by his face that he doesn't mean it." It is conceded, however, that by taking away the fear of the sack, Whittaker has probably strengthened the confidence that Arsenal players above all others have in their club.

When he has the chance, Whittaker tinkers about in the garage at his suburban home in Cockfosters, which he has rigged up as an engineering workshop. He also reads widely on every kind of subject. "He has the widest general knowledge of any man I know," says Ted Drake, a close friend. "I have heard him start a conversation on the Australian aboriginals, switch to the early life of the Chinese and finish with a dissertation on engineering. Mrs. Whittaker has given him up as a bad job.

"How does he keep her happy? Well, he's pretty good at handling eleven men, so I shouldn't think he'd have much difficulty with one woman." THE END



Whittaker supervises a dose of short-wave treatment for goalkeeper Ted Platt. Equipment worth thousands of pounds—and their physiotherapist-manager—helps to keep Arsenal at the top

Margiad Evans with her husband and daughter. "Horror can never be eliminated," she writes. "But danger can: I look after my child without risk"

My life as an epileptic wife and mother

by MARGIAD EVANS

A RAY OF DARKNESS **ends with a gifted poet's revealing analysis of her mysterious affliction — a glimpse into the terrors of sufferers and the struggle to conquer fear**

THERE IS ONLY ONE more fit I wish to describe. It happened in the maternity hospital, eight days after my baby was born. I was lying still in the evening after the visitors had gone, when there came the voiceless call that commanded me, as always, to do that which it did not tell me; and as usual I substituted action, and rose up in my bed. Then I must have fallen back. The next moment, it seems, I woke in sorrow.

I was alone. I could not remember who or where I was. But messages trying to inform me kept flashing to me and then fading again. I turned over and saw a screen around me. Also there was profound silence in the small ward.

I stared at the screen which gradually told me of my world, and then rolled back to the wall and sobbed out to my fellow patients to ask the nurse to come. When she did, I said to her (for I had forgotten the previous sensations, as always): "I'm sure I've had a fit because of the blanks in me."

She did not say anything and when I next looked she was gone. But on the locker lay a tablespoon, carefully bound round with a bandage. My mind, swiftly recovering its detective powers, said, "That's what they put between your teeth." A kind of panic now burst over me.

I made the other women call the nurse, and made her ring up my husband. "Poor man," I heard her say, and when she returned it was not unkindly but in a rather satisfied manner that she told me she could not get through.

By that time the confusion and the terror were over because my fellow patients had very sensibly told me about the whole thing. No, I had not upset them. No, there was not much noise, "only just enough to let us know you weren't well. So we rang the bell." No, it was not very long, about a quarter of an hour, and how foolish it was not to *tell* me, they added. The next day I was perfectly well, but I was never again able to feed my child.

There is a phrase concerning a dream in my *Autobiography* which describes the preliminary warning of an approaching epileptic

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He stood there in the hall, watching breathlessly as Sara came down the stairs. She was young, lovely, haunting—just as he remembered her

A man called dead

by PEARL BUCK

Without Sara, without a job, he felt he might just as well be dead. Then he saw the story in the paper, and read the obituary—his own

DAVID FORRESTER woke on Monday morning with more than his usual reluctance. On Saturdays and Sundays his agent closed his office and for two days he knew he could not ask the question or receive the answer.

The question was always the same, and so was the answer.

"Have you heard of anything, Nick?"

"No, David, sorry, not yet. I have all sorts of lines out, as I told you, but no fish."

The next two sentences were likewise always the same. "Thanks, Nick. If there is the slightest chance——"

"I know, I know, old man. I'd be on your doorstep in five minutes."

There might or might not follow the next hesitating words. "Had I better tell you where I'll be today?"

"No, no, it's not that close, old man."

He was never anywhere but in his bed-sitting-room in this third-rate house, unless he went out for a walk or a cheap meal somewhere. He was finished, he was done for. The early promise had never been fulfilled, the parts he had played so brilliantly, almost up to the lead in the last play, had not led anywhere. He was not too old yet, barely forty-five, but the big chance had never come. He had made the most of opportunity, but the lead part, the humorous, sophisticated, delightful part that he knew he could do, was simply not popular any more. Playwrights

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ILLUSTRATED BY CRITCHLOW

John Roberts, the housewife's detective

by DON EVERITT

He's at work night and day to get a square deal for the shopper — by stopping petty swindles that are part of the hidden cost of living

FOR A MAN who has the responsibility of seeing that the 1,000,000-odd residents of Manchester always get a square deal, John Reginald Roberts is surprisingly free from outward signs of worry and strain. Of unremarkable build, he has only what is fashionably known as a high forehead to show that he is on the brink of middle age. His hair remains fair, his complexion fresh.

But, for his job—which influences every Mancunian almost every minute of the day—Roberts has the perfect disposition. He has an equable manner; his speech, flavoured with a solid Cheshire accent, is considered and unhurried; and his only idiosyncrasy—joining his fingers to form an arch—characterizes his precision.

Of these attributes, precision is the one most obviously expected. For, as the chief inspector of weights and measures for Manchester Corporation, John Roberts has to ensure that 50,000 weights, 43,000 measures, 18,500 weighing instruments and 700 measuring instruments are constantly and scrupulously accurate.

Much of the human activity in the city depends on his department. His inspectors test the scales on which newly-born infants are weighed; they verify the prototypes of the rules used by undertakers. There is not a single commodity which at some stage is not weighed or measured, not a trade, profession, science, industry or sport that is not connected with some unit of weight or measure.

Partly because of their quiet efficiency, the importance of Roberts and his men—and the other 750 inspectors in Britain—is generally unheeded. When a man's watch goes wrong, he quickly gets to know by comparing it with others. But the only means of knowing the accuracy of a scale is to have it tested, and most people never think of that.

Scale That Ruined Him

"The average person," says Roberts, "seems to think that scales are infallible." Just after the war, an ex-Serviceman set up as a greengrocer. To save money, he bought a second-hand scale. During his first weeks he expected to lose money. But as the weeks turned into months his returns barely improved. After six months, nearly all his capital had gone. Baffled and desperate, he had to sell up—at a sacrifice. Two weeks after the new owner took over, the weights and measures inspector made his yearly call—and found that on every sale the scale had been giving away three ounces.

Traders have been known to believe their scales rather than accept an inspector's judgment. One of Roberts's men rejected a poultry dealer's scale because it was giving away two or three ounces on every bird. The poultryman refused to believe him and, since the scale had not been seized, did nothing about it. Shortly afterwards, the inspector called again and once more reported that the scale was robbing its owner. On the inspector's next visit, the dealer greeted him warmly and shook his hand. He had bought a new scale—and increased his profits by more than ten shillings a week.

To see that traders give and get fair measure and weight for their money, Roberts's men maintain constant patrols and inspections during all business hours. The four district inspectors, with their four "reliefs" and technical assistants, each have to visit about 3,700 places at least once every year. They range in size from the tiny back-street general shop to the big departmental store or factory.

John Roberts is a trade detective, a housewife's detective. Not only does he have to ensure that a city's weighing and measuring apparatus is always in order, but he has to see that the goods sold from it are correct, too. He watches over the sale of almost everything from bread to coal. By checking 700 appliances used by the school meals service, his inspectors help to make certain that the city's children are properly fed. By testing pit-bank weighing

Roberts shows a housewife how a rubber band "fixes" a scale to give six ounces underweight

Inspector Honeybill approves a grocer's scale. Some traders lose heavily through faults

Honeybill tests a petrol pump with a standard measure. He also checks that storage is safe

machines, they see that miners get the correct pay for their tubs of coal. By inspecting the city's 600-odd personal weighing machines, they guarantee that every person can know his weight exactly, in any part of Manchester. Although there is no legal obligation, they even test the scales the boxers use at Belle Vue.

Though they have never fallen foul of the Press, justices or back-bench M.P.s, weights and measures inspectors are the original snoopers. "We work wherever and whenever weighing and measuring instruments are being used for trade," says Roberts. This means that his inspectors have to go out in the evenings to public houses and theatres, in the early mornings to keep an eye on hotels, markets and street traders, on Saturday afternoons to sports meetings and to watch the barrow boys, and on Sundays into Jewish shops.

Their powers and privileges are considerable. Roberts's men have warrants enabling them to enter any place where apparatus under their jurisdiction is being used—even the premises of a man who sells tomatoes from his back-garden greenhouse to his neighbours. They do not have to give notice of an inspection. The first a trader knows about it is when the inspector and his assistant come through the door.

One In Twelve Is Faulty

To keep this surprise element they use cars without the corporation insignia. In the streets they can stop a delivery cycle, a barrow, a van or a lorry at will to test the appliances or goods of specified weight. They have the power to confiscate a faulty appliance or a yardstick that has lost its straightness and strength. Normally, however, they just obliterate the verification stamp and tell the owner to get it repaired or replaced.

Of the 113,707 appliances inspected by Roberts's men last year, about one in twelve was faulty. Says Roberts: "The majority of the inaccuracies were small and due to normal wear and tear, but we had the usual number of cases of thoughtlessness, stupidity and cunning." In the first category were the traders who did not keep their self-indicating scales level. Usually the fault which resulted was against the customer and several warnings had to be given. Certain people had to be cautioned for polishing their weights so enthusiastically that they were actually rubbing the metal away.

The inspectors uncovered many silly fakes and frauds. A fishmonger had a one-ounce piece of metal under the goods pan of his scale. A greengrocer had a piece of lead strip wrapped round the goods end of the cross-piece on his scale. Investigating a complaint from a customer, an inspector found that a confectioner was tediously swindling her customers by leaving a loose four-dram sweet in the bottom of the goods scoop. Another shopkeeper interchanged the scoops on two scales, making one of them 2¼ ounces against the customer.

"Some cases are even more ridiculously blatant," says Roberts. A barrow boy created suspicion by standing his scale on a box so that the customers could not see inside the scoop; it contained eleven loose cherries. Another trader used weights which had not been stamped since the reign of William IV. There was the barrow boy whose heavy goods pan swindled customers out of 11½ ounces in every two pounds.

Spivs Are Disappearing

Paying their customary special attention to "itinerant vendors," the inspectors made nearly 2,200 tests last year. Roberts reports: "There has been a decided improvement. The get-rich-quick spivs seem to be disappearing." To the inspectors this is something of a relief. The barrow boy who breaks the law can be difficult to trap. He gets to know the inspectors; unlike a shopkeeper, he can see them coming.

A year or two ago, in the spivs' heyday, a complaint was brought to the weights and measures department offices in Newton Street about a barrow boy who operated in the centre of Manchester. Early in the morning a day or so later, Elric Honeybill, the mild-mannered inspector whose district was involved, hid in a first-floor room overlooking a yard behind one of the city's main streets. Soon, a group of men trundled in a loaded barrow. For several minutes they tinkered with a scale. Honeybill saw one of them fixing a rubber band underneath it. As soon as they had gone, he slipped back to his office, and picked up his assistant and a car.

It did not take long to find the barrow boy again. He was already doing business. The inspector watched from a convenient doorway while his assistant crossed the road to make a purchase. Honeybill knew he had to work fast. In a moment, the barrow boy could lift the scales and the band—the only evidence—would flick away. He began to work his way discreetly towards the barrow. "I managed to get near enough without being recognized, then I just pounced and held on to the scale. The band was stretched between two of the feet and hooked over the bottom of the leg on which the goods pan rested. It was making the scale six ounces out of true—and it cost its owner £15 in fines."

Roberts and his colleagues up and down the country have found that often a scale can be "fixed" by accident far more successfully than by an ingenious crook. Once, at a meat depot, one of the large scales started playing tricks. An inspection revealed nothing out of order and the scale weighed quite correctly. After a thorough overhaul it was put back in use. Almost at once, it started fluctuating again. The inspectors decided to watch the scale in operation—and the trouble was soon revealed. Before starting work, the man at the scale slipped off his coat. Sometimes, he hung it on an innocuous-looking screw which, in fact, was part of the scale mechanism. The coat, its weight multiplied by the mechanism, was causing the defects.

Bubble That Cost £25

"Almost as big a part of our job as the inspection of appliances is the checking of the food, drink and fuel weighed and measured on them," says Roberts. "Last year we examined more than 127,000 articles—in the shops, at the packers, during and after delivery to the customers." They included quantities of milk, parcels of meat, packages of bacon, butter, tea, sugar, flour and cereals, 23,000-odd loaves, almost every type of factory-packed food from tomato ketchup to suet, and nearly 25,000 sacks of coal, coke and wood. Some 5,900 were incorrect.

There are pitfalls in packing food. Things like soya beans, peas and barley can lose weight on the shelves; others like flour and oatmeal can gain. Certain foods must be packed in certain quantities and marked accordingly. A baker has to be careful, too. If bread is a little overbaked it loses too much moisture—and weight. A baker had a machine which went wrong and a bubble mixed with the dough. That air cost him a £25 fine for underweight bread.

"The worst shortweight offences these days," says Roberts, "are in the fuel trade. Prosecutions here doubled last year, and customers' complaints forced me to divert men from other work. The trouble is that the customers themselves are so often negligent. They don't take even elementary precautions to see that they get a full load. Often, they sign the delivery tickets while the load is still on the lorry."

Every day at least one inspector is on mobile coal patrol, sometimes stopping lorries and carts at random and carrying out tests in the street, at others methodically watching and trailing them as they leave the coal sidings. One day an inspector followed a lorry which he knew was taking its forty-bag load to a school. But when it left the school yard eleven sacks were still full. Presently, the lorry stopped at a house and the driver began emptying the sacks into the cellar. When the inspector intervened, he learned that the woman caretaker at the school had suggested that if the driver delivered six bags at her house he could keep five for himself and no one need be any the wiser.

Checking The Sausages

Through the years, Britain's industrious weights and measures departments have picked up several extraneous duties. Foremost in cities like Manchester is the supervision of petroleum. John Roberts is constantly responsible for the safe storage of an average of 2,000,000 gallons of petroleum spirit and mixtures, and two specialist officers spend all their time visiting 1,500 storage plants. In county administrations, the inspectors also deal with food adulteration (watered milk), passing off (witch sole for Dover sole), false claims (sausage without meat), and explosives storage (from Catherine wheels to blast charges).

If one thing is likely to make Roberts and his imperturbable staff shake their heads, it is the illogical housewife. "She is alarmed when she reads of fractional increases in the cost of living, but sublimely unconscious of the scale which robs her of an ounce and pushes up her housekeeping bill much faster. She scours the shops and stalls for the cheapest greens and fruit—and then, when she finds the place, never looks to see how much the goods weigh." THE END

Animals' friend on the Red Dragon run

by RONALD W. CLARK

In lonely villages, his mobile clinic brings help to pets in trouble. Sometimes he is appalled by the callousness he meets

A TALL MAN in old clothes sidled up to a blue commercial lorry in a car park on the North Wales coast and shyly asked its two uniformed attendants whether they could help him. When they nodded, he looked carefully round, delved into a deep inner pocket, drew from it a wriggling ferret and, with a poacher's caution, explained that it had a swollen neck.

"In fact," says thirty-year-old Robert Jones, the dark-haired chief of the two-man R.S.P.C.A. North Wales mobile unit, "the animal had obviously been badly bitten by a rat. We fixed it up all right."

The unit, which travels more than 500 miles a week through Caernarvonshire, Denbighshire and Anglesey, has three jobs, says Jones. "We give advice and information on the care of animals. We give emergency first-aid to sick or injured animals until they can be seen by a vet. And we provide a humane death for unwanted or incurable animals."

Steel traps—usually laid illegally—provide the unit with much of its work. Jones carries a vicious example in his lorry. "We picked that up on a lonely stretch of road on our Anglesey run. There was a dog on the end of it."

"Asking For Treatment"

With a leg hopelessly caught in the steel fangs of the trap, the dog had pulled until the foot-long metal had been ripped from the ground, and had then limped on to the nearest road. "Luckily we arrived a few minutes later. The dog came up to us, meek and mild, just as though it was asking for treatment. We got the trap off, bandaged the leg, and later traced the dog's owner. A fortnight afterwards, when we saw it again, it was well on the mend."

Treatment of dogs and cats forms a big percentage of the 1,500 cases that Jones and his colleague John Myers deal with every year on the six routes which they run through North Wales with the "Red Dragon" van. Their vehicle is known by this name in scores of lonely villages because of the Red Dragon of Wales emblazoned on its sides.

The unit was started in 1947, soon after £500 had been left to the R.S.P.C.A. by an anonymous donor who wanted to lessen animal suffering in North Wales. The society was already running a number of static clinics throughout Britain, which were treating nearly a quarter of a million animals every year. "We decided to run the mobile clinic on bus service lines, with regular and 'request' stops," says Stanley White, the society's Clinic Organizer.

Bob Jones, a tall ex-airman who had lived all his life in the area and could speak Welsh, was chosen for the job. His greatest test came one spring when snow unexpectedly began to cover the mountains. Jones phoned his headquarters in London, who asked the B.B.C. to broadcast a warning urging farmers to get their sheep down off the high ground. Then he got back on the road. "We kept the vehicle going, even though we had to use tarpaulins and sheets on some of the hills, and had to dig her out more than once. It was just as well we did. In one valley we found fourteen newly born lambs in melting drifts."

Trouble With The Monkey

After two years, Jones found that he was no longer able to run the unit single-handed. "For one thing, I was getting bitten too often. And not only by dogs. I was bitten by the first monkey brought to the unit for treatment."

He remembered an old friend, John Myers, of Tal-y-Bont, a village a few miles up the Conway valley. Myers, a stocky, cheerful fellow who once played centre-forward for Arsenal and for Manchester City, knew all about sheepdogs and pigeons. He, too, spoke Welsh. After six months' training in London, he joined the unit. Today, both men are familiar figures all along their 500-mile weekly route. In the steep, narrow streets of the stone-grey villages, where backing

At Bottwnnog, Robert Jones (right) and John Myers examine pets. Treatment and advice are free

the vehicle into position is a job in itself, Jones announces his arrival by a blast on the specially fitted twin horns, and then sets up shop.

At the back of the unit is the treatment-room. It has sink, shelves, stacks of leaflets on the care of cats and the keeping of tortoises, and a range of pills, powders and first-aid instruments. It also has a collecting box—all treatment and advice is free—which a surprising percentage of the "customers" ignore.

There are always people who think that the van is something else. One visitor with three children eagerly walked round to the back of the vehicle, looked with surprise at the shelves and sink, and turned away in disappointment. "I thought you were a travelling cinema," she said. Jones recalls ruefully: "We've been mistaken for a travelling ice-cream stall, a fish-and-chip van, and almost everything else."

Some people appal the animal men. One woman brought in a small sandy cat. "I think it got shut in a door and has broken its back," she said. Jones carefully took the animal from the bag, saw that its back legs were useless, and found that it had a fractured pelvis. "How long has it been like this?" he asked.

"Oh, two or three weeks," said the woman.

Almost routine jobs are first-aid for the owl which has trapped its foot in a house eave, the gannets washed ashore with oil-clogged wings, and the mountain goats with acute constipation. "More unexpected," Jones recalls, "was the female Siamese cat of an artist living alone on Bardsey Island in Cardigan Bay. He had come across to the mainland to see if we could arrange for his cat to be mated. It wasn't too easy."

Jones lives in a small house in Llandudno Junction, where he compiles the monthly progress report for headquarters, handles the inevitable paper work of the business, and tries to find time for Saturday afternoon sport. Agricultural shows, where the van goes as a publicity-cum-demonstration unit, cut into his off-duty hours. Living virtually on the job has its disadvantages. "One is that I can hardly go out to the pictures without someone stopping me and asking for advice."

Work is often already there when Jones and Myers reach the garage at eight o'clock to prepare the vehicle for the day's run. One morning a small boy was waiting with a white mouse for which he wanted a home. "I kept the mouse for three days," says Jones. "On the third day I went to feed it and found that I had not one mouse, but ten. The mother and family of nine were finally handed over to a young friend. When I last heard from him there were sixty white mice, all members of the same family."

Destruction is the least pleasant side of the unit's work. It ranges from the request of the point-duty policeman in Conway who stops the vehicle with "Three cats, two dogs, this evening, please," to that of the woman who rang Jones and asked for fifteen of her cats to be destroyed.

The R.S.P.C.A. men, hardened to callousness towards animals, were shocked by one farmer who stopped the unit and handed over a fine year-old sheepdog which obeyed orders and trustingly jumped into the van. "I want him put down. He's not working well, so I don't want him," the farmer said.

The most unexpected job tackled by the unit came near Portmadoc. "We were stopped on our way through a small village by a man who asked us if we could get some food for his three animals. I asked him what sort of animals. 'Lions,' he replied without a blink. Lions they were, in a travelling circus where a rationing problem had suddenly cropped up."

All shows in which animals are involved are opposed by the R.S.P.C.A. "But you couldn't let the lions starve. I explained to the circus official that my day's work would be finished in an hour or so. After that, all possible help would be given. We visited butcher after butcher without any luck. Lions like offal, however, and the local people were pleased to help."

Exact details of how that particular problem was solved are covered in a cautious obscurity. But the lions got their food. THE END

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

ISLAND OF RESISTANCE

SHOT down over Holland, fighter-pilot Robert Carson joined up with the Dutch Resistance. His adventures are told in another remarkable real-life story from *Escape—Or Die*, Paul Brickhill's new best-seller now being published in JOHN BULL.

Of this book, Quentin Reynolds, famous war correspondent and author, writes: "Paul Brickhill has done a magnificent job. Reading his book is an exciting and rewarding experience."

POPULAR SONGS recorded by Winifred Atwell and her piano sell by the hundred thousand. "Winnie could play 'Three Blind Mice' and it would become a best-seller," says a gramophone company executive. Next week Norman Phillips explains why, and describes how the girl from Jubilee Street, Tunapuna, became a television and music hall star.

ADOLF HITLER

Continued from page 11

the mighty struggle, all the past fell into oblivion."

There were other, more personal reasons for Hitler's satisfaction. War meant something more than the chance to express his nationalist ardour; it offered the opportunity to slough off the frustration of the past six years. "The war of 1914," he said, "was certainly not forced on the masses; it was even desired by the older people. For me these hours came as a deliverance from the distress that had weighed upon me during the days of my youth. I am not ashamed to acknowledge that I sank down upon my knees and thanked Heaven out of the fullness of my heart for the favour of having been permitted to live in such a time."

On August 1, 1914, Hitler was in the cheering, singing crowd which gathered on Munich's Odeons Platz to listen to the proclamation of war. In a chance photograph that has been preserved his face is clearly recognizable, his eyes excited and exultant.

Hitler enrolled in the 1st Company of the 16th Bavarian Reserve Infantry Regiment, known as the List Regiment. Another volunteer in the same regiment was Rudolf Hess, later to become Hitler's deputy in the Nazi Party. Throughout the war, Hitler served as a *Meldegänger*, a regimental runner whose job was to carry messages between company and regimental headquarters. Although he was not actually in the trenches, it was a dangerous enough job and for the best part of four years he was at the front or not far in the rear.

On October 7, 1916, Hitler was wounded in the leg and sent back to Germany for the first time for two years. The state of morale at home depressed and angered him. He was only too glad to get back to the front at the beginning of March, 1917, now promoted to the rank of lance-corporal. He was in time to take part in the later stages of the Battle of Arras and in the Battle of Ypres in the summer.

By October, 1918, Hitler was back near Werwick, to the south of Ypres, where he had first come under fire four years before. During the night of October 13-14, the British opened an attack with chlorine gas. Hitler was caught in the open and his eyes were affected. By the time he got back to the rear, he could no longer see and, in a state of collapse, temporarily blinded, he was sent back to a military hospital at Pasewalk, not far from Stettin on the Baltic coast. He was still there, recovering from the injury to his eyes, when the war ended with the German capitulation on November 11.

As early as December, 1914, he was awarded the Iron Cross, Second Class, and his commanding officer testified in court in 1932 (during a lawsuit against a newspaper which had accused him of cowardice) that he had shown considerable courage when the regiment first went into action.

Mystery Of His Medal

In 1918, Hitler was awarded the Iron Cross, First Class, an uncommon decoration for a corporal. The most varied and improbable accounts have been given of the action for which he won this. According to one eye-witness, he took prisoner, single-handed, ten or fifteen Frenchmen: others say they were Englishmen. The official history of the regiment says nothing at all. Whatever the occasion, it was certainly a decoration of which Hitler was proud, and which he habitually wore after he became Chancellor.

There is no evidence that he ever applied for promotion even to the rank of non-commissioned officer; he appears to have been content with the job he had. It is likely that the impression of eccentricity which he gave was no recommendation. Hans Mend, one of his fellow soldiers, described him as "a peculiar fellow. He sat in a corner of our mess holding his head between his hands, in deep contemplation. Suddenly he would leap up and, running about excitedly, say that in spite of our big guns victory would be denied us, for the invisible foes of the German people were a greater danger than the cannon of the enemy." This led to violent attacks on the Jews and the Marxists, in the old style of the men's hostel.

His comrades did not dislike him, but they felt that he did not share their interests or their attitude towards the war. He received no letters or parcels from home. He did not care about leave or women. He was silent when the others grumbled. He took the war seriously, feeling himself personally responsible for what happened and identifying himself with the failure or success of German arms. These were not endearing qualities, but they do not detract from Hitler's record as a soldier, at least as brave as the next man and a good deal more conscientious.

Hitler's experience in the war completed the formative influences of these early years. Like so many other Germans of his generation, he came to regard the comradeship, discipline and excitement of life at the front as vastly more attractive than the aimlessness and dull placidity of peace. This was particularly true for Hitler, who had neither wife, family nor job to which to return. In the years after the war it was from ex-Servicemen like this, who felt more at home in a uniform, living in a mess or barracks, men who could never settle down again to life in "Civvy Street," that the Nazis and other extremist organizations recruited their members.

Hitler had still not decided to become a politician. But he had already acquired a stock of ideas and prejudices which were to alter little in the rest of his life, and the elements for such a decision were already complete, requiring only a sudden shock to precipitate them. That shock was supplied by Germany's defeat, and the overthrow of the German Empire.

When he came back to Munich at the end of the war, his mind was made up: without any idea of how he was to do it, he resolved to go into politics and avenge the humiliation of 1918.

***NEXT WEEK:** Alan Bullock describes how Hitler staged a revolution. "Adolf Hitler: A Study in Tyranny," on which John Bull's series is based, is published by Odhams Press at 25s.*

OXO

MAKES COOKING SO EASY

WINDOM'S WAY

by JAMES RAMSEY ULLMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY K. J. PETTS

Windom knew he was hurting Lee. But this was his last chance to save Papaan, and he had to take it

DR. ALEC WINDOM stopped his jeep outside the village. In the monsoon rain it looked utterly deserted. Then two uniformed figures appeared, carrying guns. Windom realized with a shock that Papaan was full of troops—and they were using his hospital as a headquarters.

Two years ago, New York had known Windom as a brilliant "fashionable" surgeon. But the elegant society cage in which his wife Lenore had put him had become unbearable. He had thrown it all up to devote his life to this primitive South-East Asian village. This was something worth fighting for. These people really needed him. In a two-year struggle against dirt, disease and ignorance, he had given them health, sympathy and, above all, hope. They almost worshipped him—especially Anna Vidal, his young and beautiful head nurse.

Most of the villagers worked on the local rubber plantation, where the manager, Schusterman, treated them as illiterate slaves, and denied their right to strike for better conditions. On the slightest provocation he called in Bilko, the sub-human police sergeant, to club them into submission. Goaded to fury, the coolies rebelled, fired the rubber groves and killed Bilko. Schusterman escaped to the capital to get help from Vice-Commissioner Belhedron.

Meanwhile, Lenore Windom had arrived in Papaan. Impulsively, knowing nothing of the country, she had got a lift in a military plane with Colonel Hasbrook, of the American Military Mission. Lee was city bred, restless, easily bored; but Windom saw a change in her, and loved her for it. She was making desperate efforts to share his life and work in the jungle.

The one thing Lee could not stand was loneliness—and, following the revolt, she was often alone. Windom spent much time conferring with Anna's brother, Jan, the coolies' leader. A government plane had machine-gunned the plantation workers, and Jan wanted to fight it out with the troops when they arrived. Windom threatened to leave Papaan if he did anything so foolish. He persuaded Jan and other labour leaders to take to the hills while he negotiated with the authorities.

But he had no chance to do so. While he was away in a neighbouring village, the troops closed in on Papaan. With them were Belhedron, Schusterman and Hasbrook; and Lenore had diplomatically invited them all to dinner.

PART 5

Dinner At Eight

LENORE had asked the guests for eight o'clock, but at seven thirty there were footsteps on the bungalow porch. Going out, Windom found Hasbrook alone.

"I wanted to speak to you before the others

Lee faced Windom on the porch. Her voice was shrill and her face contorted. "Why must you get involved with these people? They're gooks—gooks! I hate them all!"

came," he said. "If you can spare a moment."

"Good. Sit down. I'll get a drink."

"Later, thanks." Hasbrook's face had none of its usual placid joviality. "I was sorry we didn't have a chance to talk before you saw Belhedron."

"He snapped me up pretty quickly."

"Yes, I know." The colonel glanced down at his big hands. Then he raised his eyes to Windom's.

"Look, Doctor," he said (and Windom noted that it was no longer "doc"). Suppose you give it to me straight. What *has* been going on up here?"

"Just what I told the commissioner. The people want their own rice crop. When they were refused it, the plantation workers struck. And when they struck, the police arrested their leader, tortured him and killed him."

"And then the strikers killed back?"

"Yes."

"They burned the plantation?"

"Yes."

"And you helped them?"

"I certainly didn't help them with any killing or burning. I tried to stop them."

"But you couldn't."

"No. What was done was done. I went on from there. I tried to help them and advise them."

"You let them know you were on their side."

"In most respects, yes."

Hasbrook's mouth was a thin line. "You've certainly let this love affair of yours with the gooks foul up your judgment."

"On the contrary," said Windom, "I've thought about this thing as deeply as I've ever thought about anything in my life."

"And you've decided the gooks are right."

"Yes. In wanting rice. In striking for it."

"Rice. Who gives a damn about rice?" Hasbrook didn't wait for an answer. "The thing you don't seem to get, Doctor, is that all this adds up to much more than one fleabitten valley. It's not rice we're concerned with, it's rubber. It's this Than-kar and his Communist bandits up north. It's China and Russia and World War Three. You know as well as I what the Reds are trying to do here in South-East Asia. And we've got to keep a firm hand on these people."

"There are different sorts of firm hands;" said Windom.

"No, there's one sort. Authority. Strength. Showing the Reds we can handle them."

"But these people aren't——"

"All right, they aren't Reds. They go to Sunday School. They're kind to their grandmothers. But they're going to be Reds damn' soon if we don't keep them in line."

WINDOM shook his head. "It strikes me just the opposite. That the one sure way to lose them is to keep on exploiting and repressing them, the way we always have." He paused briefly. "No, Colonel," he said, "I'm no soldier and no politician, but I know a few things about people. Particularly these people. And I can't go along with that."

"I'm afraid you're going to have to," said Hasbrook.

"Because some pigheaded commissioner——"

"I'm not talking about commissioners, Doctor." Hasbrook took a slip of paper from his pocket. "I'm talking about something like this, for one thing. It came for you a few days ago, but the wires to Papaan were down, so they delivered it to the American minister."

He handed Windom a telegram.

DEEPLY DISTURBED RECENT REPORTS, it read. MUST INSIST YOU REFRAIN POLITICAL ACTIVITY. It was signed by the president of the International Medical Foundation.

Windom looked at it in silence.

"And for another thing," said Hasbrook, "I'm talking about the government. There's been a lot of talk around the capital lately. Not only about the situation here—but about you. Even before he saw that wire, the American minister called me in and asked what was going on. I told him I didn't think it was anything to worry about, but he wanted me to come up here again to see what the score was." Hasbrook paused and his eyes were steady on Windom's face. "Now," he said, "I'm beginning to wonder about the score myself."

"You mean you think I'm a Communist?" said Windom.

"I'm damned if I know what you are. What are you up to? . . . Look, Doctor—" Hasbrook leaned forward and his voice was friendlier. "I'm not against you. I'm for you. It's because I'm for you that I'm trying to straighten you out on a few things, and if you don't get straightened out you're going to be headed for trouble. Not little trouble. Big trouble."

"I'm only——"

"Yes, I know. You're only a doctor. You're only trying to help these people. But there are ways that you can help them and ways that you can't, and one of the ways you can't is in anything that has to do with the political situation. That's why I've been sent here, to tell you that. Not by any gook commissioner. Not even by a gook prime minister. But by the Government of the United States of America."

There was a pause. Windom got up and walked across the porch, and Hasbrook's eyes followed him.

"That's what you have to remember," the colonel said. "It's not just you out here. Not just this village. It's all of us that are going to stand or fall by what happens. Maybe these people are getting a bad break, as you say. God knows, their government's lousy and corrupt. That's too damn' bad, but we're not here as reformers. We're here for just one reason and that's to hold the line against the Reds. Anything that helps it is good. Anything that hurts it is bad. In this man's world, Windom, you can't straddle the fence without getting splinters in your backside. You have to be on one side or the other."

He waited, but Windom said nothing. Then he rose and went to him. "Think what you're doing, man," he said quietly. "To your reputation. Your career. Your own country."

Windom looked down at the telegram that he still held in his hand. In the yellow light his face appeared lined and tired.

"What do you want me to do?" he asked.

"First of all, to co-operate with Belhedron."

"By betraying those who trust me?"

Hasbrook's patience snapped again. "God damn it, stop worrying about your gooks. Worry about your own people for a change. Try to realize what's going on in the world—and that the only importance of this country is its rubber and its strategic position."

Again Windom didn't answer.

"You don't believe that, doctor?"

"No."

"What *do* you believe, may I ask?"

"That the importance of any country is the people who live in it."

"That's your way of seeing things?"

"Yes, that's my way," said Windom.

Then he turned and went to the door, as a car pulled up at the bungalow steps.

THE table at which the five of them were seated gleamed white and silver. Kosti padded in and out in a new white mess jacket, and the gimlets that he had served were in tall, frosted glasses that Windom had never before seen.

Belhedron sat at Lenore's right, Schusterman at her left. During most of the meal it had been Hasbrook who had kept the conversation going.

Now he rattled the ice in his gimlet and took a long appreciative swallow. "Chirikiri's was never like this," he smiled at Lenore. "That's the best café in the capital. East meets West. Boy meets girl. Twenty hostesses—twenty." Hasbrook raised his glass. "I prefer my one hostess—one."

Lenore smiled back at him. "The floor show goes on at nine."

Then Belhedron took over. She had not seen much of the capital, had she? That was too bad. There were the ballet and the Museum of Antiquities, which she must make a point of visiting the next time. And also the royal palace and the floating gardens. She would then realize that there was more to the country than jungles and villages, coolies and rubber trees.

"Just what I've seen has been fascinating," Lenore told him. "Right here in Papaan."

"Fascinating? Yes, perhaps." The commissioner smiled gallantly. "But you are an unusual woman, of course. Let me tell you of my wife's one experience in an up-country village. . . ."

He told his story—amusingly—and Lenore laughed. Windom had not seen her so gay in the six weeks she had been in Papaan. Or so strikingly lovely, either. She was wearing a green strapless dress that showed off the soft whiteness

What do you do to make teeth WHITER?

To keep your teeth healthy, To make your teeth white...

Maclean 'em each morning,

Maclean 'em each night.

MACLEANS peroxide

TOOTH PASTE

of her throat and shoulders. Her face was fresh and animated. Her hair and eyes glowed in the lamplight. All she had needed was the smallest stimulus from the outside world—the world she belonged to—and her response had been instantaneous.

Only Schusterman took no part in the talk and laughter, but sat silently—waiting.

Dinner over, Kosti cleared the table and brought coffee, and Windom replenished the drinks.

"You are the best of hosts, Doctor," said Belhedron. "I only hope we are not keeping you from your duties."

"I've none this evening," Windom said.

"Your fever patient is better?"

"Yes, his temperature is down."

"Good." Belhedron placed his fingertips together and looked at the ruby on his left hand. "Especially good when one realizes that if it were not for your hospital he would probably be dead."

"It's simply a matter of——"

"Of a great institution, Doctor. Of a great service. It must be a deep satisfaction to do such work as yours."

Windom said nothing. Here it comes, he thought. Then it came.

"And it would be a deep shame," said Belhedron, looking up from his ring, "if you had to abandon it."

"Go on," said Windom.

"Whether or not you have to abandon it, Doctor, depends entirely on you."

THERE was a pause, and Windom could hear the rain drumming on the roof. The three men were watching him. Lenore was watching him, her face no longer smiling, but tense and troubled.

"Look, Commissioner," he said, "I think you have some misconceptions about me."

"I sincerely hope so, Doctor."

"One of them is that I'm a Communist."

"I see."

"I am not a Communist, I have never been a Communist, and I have no intention of becoming a Communist." Windom's voice became edged. "Would you care for me to put it in the form of an oath?"

"I scarcely think that will be necessary."

"What *is* necessary, then?"

"That you——"

"First of all," Schusterman interrupted, "that you explain your actions, Doctor."

"What actions?"

"At the time of the strike. When you incited these people to riot."

"I incited no one to riot."

"The strikers came to you, didn't they, and you conferred with them?"

"Yes."

"You gave shelter to their leader when he was wanted by the police?"

"Yes."

"And you advised them to go on with the strike?"

"Yes, I did. And I would advise it again. They were justified in striking. They had a real grievance and were entitled to a hearing."

"And to killing policemen?" asked Belhedron.

"They killed no one—they used no violence of any kind—until the police killed their leader. Tell him how the old man Amyan was killed, Schusterman—and why."

Schusterman hesitated. "It was perhaps an error in judgment by the chief of police."

"Policemen have made errors before," said Belhedron, "and they will make them again. That is no excuse for rioting and insurrection, or for burning the plantation. Do you concede that, Doctor? That, whatever their grievance, these people went too far in their wanton destruction of the plantation?"

"Of course I concede it. They were striking back blindly, foolishly. They concede it themselves."

"Themselves?"

"Yes." Windom turned to Schusterman. "You were at the plantation today?"

Schusterman nodded.

"And it was half rebuilt wasn't it?" Schusterman started to speak, but Windom went on. "By whom?" he asked. "By your workers. Why? Because they knew they'd done wrong in destroying it."

He looked back at Belhedron. "It would be all rebuilt by now if your plane hadn't come and machine-gunned them."

"Suppose we grant," Colonel Hasbrook put in, "that mistakes have been made on both sides. The job is to get things back in order again."

"Exactly," said Windom.

"If these men were rebuilding the plantation, Commissioner, it doesn't sound as if they were whole-hog bandits. In fact, it sounds as if they were willing to go back to work," said Hasbrook.

"Of course they're willing," said Windom.

"Also," Hasbrook went on, "I've been having a little talk with the doctor here, and I think he's willing to co-operate."

Belhedron looked steadily at Windom. "Are you?" he asked.

"Certainly, if you'll believe that these men are not bandits or Reds. If you'll meet them halfway with their grievances and troubles."

"If I agree to that, you'll tell us where they are?"

"I'll do more than that. I'll call them back."

"What makes you think they will come?"

"They'll come," said Windom, "because they trust me."

Belhedron nodded slowly. "I see," he murmured. "I see." Then in a different tone of voice: "And you will do this, you say, on the conditions you just mentioned?"

"In general, yes. More specifically, that you evacuate your troops from the village; that you meet these men

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TAKE MY TIP

FOR Bonfire Night, I use a simple "torch" to save matches when lighting fireworks. I punch two holes in the side of a tin, thread wire through, and fasten to a stick pushed into the ground. Then I fill the tin with cotton waste or rags and soak with paraffin. The torch burns for hours, even in a wind.—R. E. Beasley, Nottingham.

JOHN BULL *pays three guineas, on publication, for simple, original tips that show other readers how to carry out useful jobs in better ways. Address contributions to* TAKE MY TIP, JOHN BULL, *189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1, including (if they help) diagrams or photographs with the text. It is regretted that contributions cannot be returned unless they are accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope.*

"This ladder that I'm starting at the bottom of—how many rungs has it got?"

without prejudice and listen to their story; and that meanwhile you issue orders that no harm is to be done to their rice crop."

"That is all?"

"No, there is one other condition. That you leave the people of the village alone."

"I was not aware that the troops had——"

"I'm not speaking of the troops. I'm referring to yourself."

"Myself? What have I——" Belhedron paused. "Oh, I see. You mean my questioning of the young woman in your office."

"Yes."

"You do not want her questioned any further."

"No."

"Because?"

"Because that is one of the conditions, Commissioner," said Windom. "And if you agree to them I shall call back the men."

"At once?"

"Yes. Tomorrow."

"And when will they be here?"

"It's hard to tell exactly. I should say within three or four days."

"You will guarantee it?"

"Yes, I will guarantee it."

Belhedron was silent. His soft brown hand slowly turned the glass on the table before him.

"It's the best way, Commissioner," said Hasbrook. "You could beat around in those hills for a year and never find them."

"Yes, get them back," Schusterman agreed. "That is the important thing; that they get back to work on the plantation."

Belhedron still turned the glass.

"Will you agree?" Windom asked.

Belhedron looked at him for a moment.

"Very well," he said. "I agree."

"Good." Windom stood up and began collecting the empty glasses. "I've been neglectful, gentlemen," he apologized. "Time for a refill."

It rained all night, but in the morning it was partly clear. After breakfast, Kosti brought a laden knapsack from the kitchen and set it down on the porch.

"It is not heavy, my doctor," he said. "I could carry it easily. And I could carry the gun. I would go ahead with the gun and shoot the wild animals, so there would be no danger."

"Next time," said Windom. "When we really go hunting."

"Please, my doctor——"

Windom shook his head, smiling. "Next time, Kosti."

The boy went disconsolately inside and when Windom looked up Lenore was there.

"Are you quite sure you've got enough canned things?" she asked.

"Sure," he said.

He worked the bolt of the rifle, applied some oil and looked up again. Then he rose and went to her. "Lee—don't," he said. "I'm not going off to the wars. I'll be back in three or four days."

"Yes, of course," she said.

He put his hands on her shoulders and looked down into her face. All the lightness and animation of the previous night were gone. Her body, under his hands, was tense. Her eyes were lustreless and dull.

"I know it's a rotten break," he told her. "Just coming back and having to go again. But it has to be done, Lee. Someone has to get those men."

"But why does it have to be you?" she asked.

"Because I'm the only one they'll listen to. Because they trust me." Windom drew her to him. "Believe me, Lee, it's nothing. Two days there, two days back—at the most. And don't worry about the jungle. I've been in it dozens of times and there's nothing that will bother you if you don't bother it first." He smiled down at her, but Lenore didn't smile back.

"It's not the jungle, Alec," she murmured. "It—it's all this thing you're mixed up in." Her face was raised, her arms held him. "You're a doctor, Alec; a wonderful doctor. But not a politician. Not a—an agitator of some sort, getting mixed up in all these things that don't concern you."

Windom stepped back a little. "I see Hasbrook's been talking to you."

"Of course he's been talking to me. He's worried about you . . . and so am I."

"I promise you, Lee — there's nothing to worry about. In a few days I'll be back. In a week or two Belhedron and the troops will be gone. It will all be over."

"Will it? How do you know? How are you sure you won't go on getting dragged into everything—deeper and deeper? You want to help these people. All right, help them. But can't you do it just as a doctor? Why must you get involved with these others, with their rice and their rubber and their strikes and their killings? . . ." Lee's voice was shrill, her features contorted, as she faced Windom on the porch. "Do you know what it's like, Alec? It's as if you weren't even an American or a white man. As if you were a gook yourself."

"Lee——"

"Yes, I know—that's the word you hate. But I can't help it. That's what they are—gooks—gooks! I hate them all!"

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her and she bent her head against his shoulder. "I'm sorry," she murmured. "Oh, Alec, I'm sorry. But—but it's only you I'm thinking of. I swear to you—only you. . . ." When she raised her face again her eyes were filled with tears. "Won't you believe me—please? Won't you listen to me? Can't we get away from all this—just the two of us—together?"

"I've been thinking of that, too, Lee," he said. "When I come back—when the trouble's over—maybe we can go down to the capital for a while and——"

"Why can't it be now?"

He shook his head.

"But now is when it's important. Not just for me, Alec. I mean for you. Just until this thing blows over—don't you see? Until you've had a chance to rest a little and see things clearly."

"You mean the way the colonel sees them?"

"It isn't just the colonel. What about the American minister? What about the Foundation and their cable? If you go on like this, it could mean the end of everything you've hoped and worked for."

Windom held her gently. But again he shook his head. "That's a chance I'll have to take."

DAI LOLLIVAR came into his office while he was packing his routine instruments into a small bag.

"I see you have got back your office, my doctor," he said.

Windom nodded.

"And his Excellency?"

"His Excellency has consented to move down the hall. To the quarantine room."

"The quarantine room. Ha, ha!" The mayor was the only person Windom had ever met who literally made the sound "ha, ha," when he laughed. "That is good, my doctor. Very good." Then he became serious. "I have heard that you will go now to the hills to bring back Vidal and the others?"

"Yes."

"That is good, too. It is excellent. Only——" Lollivar hesitated and his round face grew clouded. "Only in some ways, I have been thinking, it may perhaps also involve some—er—difficulties."

Windom shook his head. "The trip shouldn't amount to much."

"I did not so much mean the trip, my doctor. I was thinking, rather, of when the men return to Papaan."

"When they return?"

Lollivar swallowed. Then he brought out his handkerchief and dabbed his forehead. "Yes, my doctor," he said. "You see—you see, I am afraid Vidal and his men do not yet clearly understand my position in these unfortunate matters that have happened. They may think perhaps that I have been against them and not understand that I have tried only to do my duty as mayor."

For the first time, Windom looked up from his packing. "Have you?" he asked quietly.

"But of course I have. That is *all* I have done. To try to promote the welfare of my village. To try to make peace where there is strife——"

"And perhaps to stay on the good side of the commissioner and Schusterman?"

"Yes, yes, to be sure: to stay on their good side. What sense would it be to antagonize them—to make them angry? That is the whole point." Lollivar was now plying the handkerchief at his throat, and his voice became tense and apprehensive. "But it is a point, my doctor, that I am afraid these rebellious ones will not see. I feel my position will be difficult when they come back."

Windom walked around behind his desk and sat down. For a long moment he remained without speaking, his grey eyes cool and measuring the mayor's face. Then he said:

"I can tell you what I *think* you should do, Lollivar."

"Yes, my doctor?"

"I think you should come with me."

"With you?" Lollivar's mouth fell open. "You mean now—today? Into the hills?"

"Yes, today. Into the hills."

"But—but——" For an instant the mayor was wordless. "But it is not possible, my doctor," he murmured. "I am a family man, you see—a merchant—with many responsibilities. And most of all, there are my duties as mayor——"

"It's *because* you're the mayor," said Windom, "that you should come. You owe it to the people."

"But if I am gone, who would then run the village?"

"I'm sure that for the few days you're away the commissioner will have no difficulty in running the village." Windom paused, his eyes on the mayor's plump face, and when he spoke again his voice was quiet and earnest. "Look, Lollivar," he said, "how you became mayor of Papaan I don't know, but I do know that since I've been here, at least, you've done nothing to merit the job, nothing for the people of the village. Coming with me is the one way you can show them that you want to help them." Windom stood up. "I've some things to do now," he said. "If you decide to come, go home, get some things together and meet me in front of my bungalow in half an hour."

The mayor's lips moved, but no words came.

Windom went through the door into his laboratory to get some drugs and bandages. When he returned to the office, Lollivar was gone. Anna was now there, however, standing by the window, apparently waiting for him.

"Might as well be prepared," he said, putting the things into his bag. "They've probably got everything from snakebite to measles up there in the bush."

Anna didn't answer, and he finished packing and closed the bag.

"What is it, Anna?"

"My doctor, please——" She stammered and was silent.

"Please what?"

"Please—I have heard—there has been talk in the village—that the mem-doctor does not like it here, and that you will go with her to America and never come back."

"Nonsense. I'll be gone a few weeks at the most."

"You are sure, my doctor? It will not be for always? You tell me the truth?" Her eyes were raised to his, dark and pleading. "If you do not come back, my doctor, I could not face it. I could not go on——"

Her voice broke. Her slim body was trembling. Windom moved his hands to her shoulders and gripped them tightly, as if he could stop the trembling by their pressure.

"Anna——"

Her head was bent; for another instant she remained motionless and rigid. Then her body went limp and she swayed forward against him. "I cannot help it," she murmured. "I am

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Don't hinder

THERE'S one simple rule that's within everyone's power to follow: "If you can't help, don't hinder." If we all obeyed it, it would make a surprising difference to life.

All it involves is a sincere belief that people who do things for you are trying to please you and not annoy you. It sounds awfully simple, but it seems to me that very few people either believe it or appreciate it.

by ROFFE THOMPSON

"We'd like a table near a waiter"

so ashamed. It is so terrible. But I cannot help it."

He held her close, no longer tightly, but tenderly. And in his eyes, where the smile had been, there was now something close to tears. "Anna," he said. "Dear Anna."

There was a long silence in the room. Then he said: "Do you know what I've been thinking? I've been thinking that since the hospital's grown bigger there's too much work here for just you and me. We need someone else—another doctor. And I'll tell you what I'm going to do. When I go down to the capital I'm going to see if I can find one. A good doctor—young and intelligent—one of your own people. Yes, it's a good idea. I'm sure of it. We'll talk about it before I go. . . ."

Now he was in the jeep again, but this time not alone. Beside him sat Dai Lollivar, and on the seat behind were two packs with their gear and food.

Windom was dressed in khaki—long-sleeved and trousered to keep out insects—stout G.I. boots and a fatigue cap, but his companion wore his usual white linen, pointed shoes and broad-brimmed straw hat.

"No old clothes?" Windom had asked.

"I do not have old clothes, my doctor," Lollivar had replied with dignity. And when Windom had suggested finding some, he declined. "It is as mayor of Papaan that I go," he announced, "and it is as mayor that I shall appear."

Windom shrugged and let it go. When they left the jeep they would take to muleback, so the shoes didn't greatly matter. For the rest, it would be most of the time under a raincape, and that, at least, Lollivar possessed.

Apparently word of their mission had already got around, for the village streets were lined with people, waving and cheering. In a moment, the mayor's depression had vanished. He waved back. Beaming, he nodded to right and left.

Then the village was behind them. On their left was the river—no longer a chain of stagnant pools but a broad, smooth-flowing stream. And on their right, the rice paddies. Here and there a coolie or bullock cart moved along the mud ramps that bounded them. But nothing else. No troops. No labour corps. So far, so good.

It took them an hour to the village at the head of the valley. There, they left the jeep in a shed and hired two mules.

Windom rode ahead, with Lollivar a few yards behind, and the only sounds were the creaking of their saddles and the plop of the mules' hooves in the mud of the path. The trail wound up a low hill, descended on its far slope, and the forest closed about them in a green tide.

Towards mid-afternoon it began to rain, but they were aware of it only as a pattering on the treetops high above. Scarcely a drop penetrated through the layers of leaf and branch into the deep twilit tunnel through which they rode.

Windom held the old Enfield balanced across his saddle. Fighting off the drowsiness of heat and shadow, he kept his eyes sharp on the path ahead.

After a few miles, they forded a shallow stream, and Lollivar drew abreast of him. "I will go ahead now, my doctor," he said.

"No need," Windom told him.

"Yes—please. I wish to do my share."

Taking the gun, he moved into the lead, and now ahead of Windom, instead of empty trail, was a rumpled, pudgy figure swaying precariously above a mule's behind. . . .

Windom grinned. With Lollivar, too, so far, so good. In fact a great deal better than he had dared hope. If he keeps it up, thought Windom, I might almost begin to respect him. More important, even his people might.

From the head of the valley to Blue Mountain was twelve miles on the map, but something more than twice that, he had estimated, along the twists and dips of the trail. By nightfall, as nearly as he could judge, they had gone about half the distance, which meant that at the same pace, and with an early start, they should reach their destination the next day around noon. They made camp, such as it was, on a bank of moss beside a small stream, coaxed a fire out of damp brushwood, and ate supper. Then, wrapping themselves in their raincapes and mosquito netting, they lay down close to the fire and slept.

In the morning, when Windom awoke, Lollivar was already heating water for their tea over the replenished fire. In spite of raincape and netting, his clothes were covered with mud and his face with insect bites; but his manner was cheerful and his eyes bright with anticipation.

"In a few hours now we shall be there," he said. "Then no more can they say that their mayor does nothing for them. No more can old Mamarta Vidal make loud with her insults, or I will have the police put her in jail. . . . When we again have police," he added as an afterthought.

By six they were on the march. Soon they were moving in a stench of sweat—the mules' and their own—and it was only with a conscious effort that Windom seemed able to draw air down into his lungs. No rain fell, but the patches of sky above them were grey and sunless. No faintest shred of breeze touched the sodden web of the forest.

Lollivar's mule slipped, caught itself and plodded on. Clop. Plop.

Windom looked at his watch. Nine thirty. Ten. Ten thirty. Eleven. And now at last, he saw, the forest had begun to change. The foliage was less dense, the air easier to breathe. They had reached the lower slopes of Blue Mountain, and the path climbed in switchbacks, higher and higher.

At one of the turns he paused and

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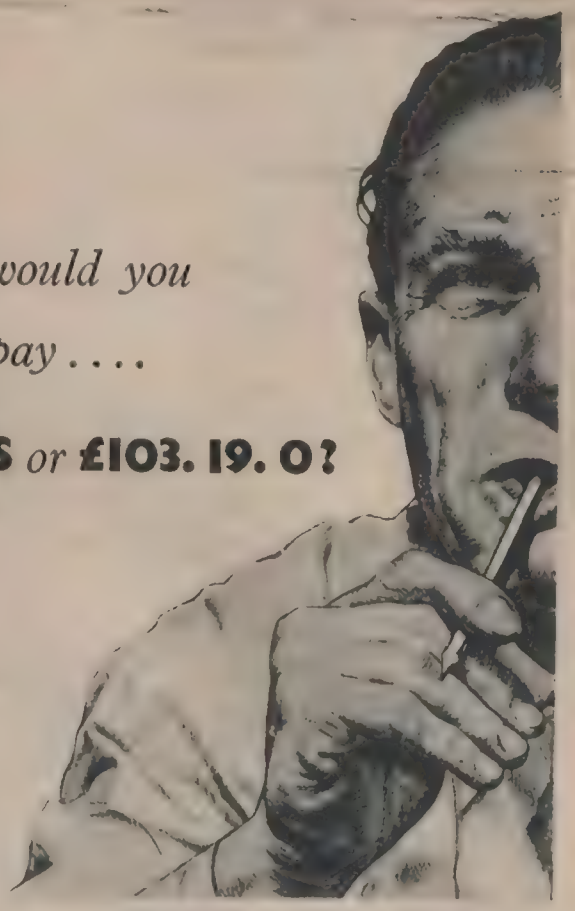

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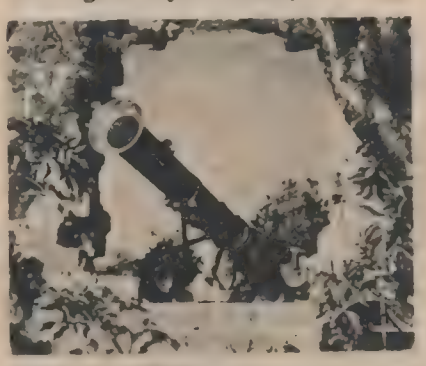

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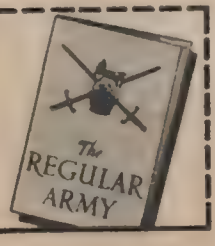

pointed, and there above them was a shoulder of rock, jutting bare and bold from the hillside.

"It is where they will be?" asked Lollivar.

"It's where they should be. At least, their lookouts."

From below, the shoulder appeared close, but half an hour later they were still zigzagging up between forest walls. Then, abruptly, the trees fell away, there was the grey gleam of stone, and the path twisted up on to an open, level platform.

Windom stopped. His eyes moved over the clearing, over the boulders and moss, to where the path led on upward into the trees on the far side. He called out—waited—called again.

Lollivar pulled up beside him. "Do you think——"

"Maybe there's another open place. Up higher."

He guided his mule across the platform to where the path continued. It appeared no different from what it had been below.

"Best to keep going," he said.

He rode on, with Lollivar close behind. The path twisted, straightened for a few yards, twisted again—and the mule stopped. In the path, beyond the second turn, stood three men with rifles.

"Well . . ." said Windom.

THE three looked at him without speaking. Then they looked past him at Lollivar. The one in the centre was Lansang, who had been assistant foreman at the plantation. On the right was a young rubber gatherer named Dolyan, but the one on the left Windom didn't know. They were dressed alike in soiled work clothes, with knives in their belts and bandoliers over their shoulders.

"There are more of you?" asked Lansang.

"No," said Windom.

"Only you two?"

"Only us two."

Lansang jerked his head at Dolyan, and the latter moved past the mules and around the bend of the trail.

"You don't believe me?" said Windom.

Instead of answering, Lansang came closer. "You will give me your gun, Doctor," he said.

Windom looked at him uncomprehendingly.

"Your gun." Holding his own gun in his left hand, Lansang extended his right.

"What are you talking about?"

Before Windom could tighten his grip, the hand grasped the gun and snatched it away. "You will dismount now," said Lansang.

Windom didn't move.

"I said you will dismount, Doctor." Handing Windom's gun to the other man, Lansang half raised his own. "At once, please."

Windom got down and stood facing him. At a gesture from Lansang, Lollivar also dismounted.

"What is this?" said Windom quietly. "What do you think you're doing?"

"It is an outrage," protested Lollivar. "You may not act so to the doctor."

"Quiet, fat belly."

"And when we return to Papaan I shall see that——"

Lansang swung his gun butt, and Lollivar fell. Windom's fists clenched and he took a step forward; but the gun was up again, muzzle pointing.

"Where's Jan Vidal?"

"In our camp."

"Take us to him."

"We are about to."

Lollivar had regained his feet. His moon face was almost white, except where a stream of blood flowed down from a gash on his cheekbone.

"When the authorities hear of this——" he began.

"They will be glad," said Lansang, "that they didn't come with you." He looked past them as Dolyan came back up the path. "No one else?" he asked.

Dolyan shook his head.

"Good."

Windom took his medical bag from his pack, and from the bag a bottle of antiseptic, a gauze pad and tape. Lansang made as if to stop him, then changed his mind and waited while he cleaned and covered Lollivar's wound.

"The bone's not broken," he told him.

"I am glad, my doctor."

"Give some men a little power——" Windom shook his head. "Well, let's get to Jan."

"Yes, my doctor."

When Windom turned, Lansang was holding two dirty lengths of rag in his hand.

"What now? Blindfolding?"

Lansang didn't bother to answer. While his two companions stood by with their guns, he tied the rags tightly around their heads.

"Now march," he ordered.

"On foot?"

"Yes, on foot."

"But the mayor——"

Something hard prodded him from behind. "March," said Lansang.

He marched. Or, more accurately, he stumbled. Through the mud. Over roots. Against the branches and vines that walled the twisting path. But each time his pace slackened there was another prod from behind.

"It can't be far," he said to Lollivar.

There was no answer. Apparently Lollivar wasn't there. And then he was there. There was a sound of something falling and another that was half cry, half groan. Windom ripped off his blindfold and saw the mayor sprawled on the path ahead, while the man called Dolyan tried to kick him to his feet.

"Damn you——"

But before Windom could move he was pinioned tightly from behind, and in the next instant the blind was back over his eyes. "I would not do that again, Doctor," said Lansang's voice.

"At least let him ride," said Windom. "He has no strength. And no boots."

Lansang said nothing. They marched on.

"It can't be far," he had said. But it seemed far. They moved on for what seemed an hour—two hours—three—until his body ached with tiredness and he could scarcely lift his feet over the muck and roots of the path. If this goes on much longer, he thought, I'm simply going to sit down in the path, and to hell with them. But he didn't sit down. . . .

PRESENTLY there was no longer a path. As far as he could judge, they had turned off it into the forest itself, and a hand on his arm was guiding him in a twisting course between tree trunks, branches and brush.

"Where are you taking us?"

No answer.

"How far to your camp?"

No answer.

Then at last there was another change. More light came through his blindfold; the ground was level and clear; he knew they were in a clearing. And although he could not see, nor hear any voices, he knew, too, that there were other people present—and that they were watching him.

Again he raised a hand to his eyes, but it was knocked roughly away.

"Jan!" he called. "Jan!"

But again there was no answer.

A few moments later, the light became dimmer. He surmised they had come into some sort of shelter. Then the rag was suddenly ripped from his eyes and he saw that they were in a small bare hut built of thatch and wattles. Lollivar stood beside him, swaying slightly while one of the men unbound his eyes. And in the next instant he collapsed like a half-filled sack on the earthen floor.

The three men went to the door.

"Where is Jan Vidal?" Windom demanded.

"He is here," said Lansang.

"Tell him I want to see him."

"You will see him when he is ready."

Lansang went out and the other two followed him. Windom sat down beside Lollivar.

To be continued next week

"In a minute he'll come and yell 'cats.' Take no notice"

A RAY OF DARKNESS

Continued from page 17

attack although it was written merely of a nightmare: "the heart stood to meet its enemy." After this desperate stand comes a fluttering tremulousness of body and mind. The intensity varies; but it is physically like a breeze or a gale entering one and agitating all one's being. The old idea of demoniac possession in fits, I am sure, arose not from the onlookers but from the sufferers. Because in the violent attacks one feels as though the body is trying, after entrance, to push its way out again.

It is not unlike labour, but not so intelligent. If the consciousness is prolonged until the fall, as mine often has been, the flesh with its limbs and its orderly muscles seems actually to be entangled—the body is on the point of being blown aside as if it were what mystics have called it, a curtain.

To describe this, however vividly one may attempt it, is not to arrive at more than sensation. A terrific sensation, it is true, and one that is not felt by the part of the brain which is still working, so unlike life is it. Possibly (I do not know) there *is* no part of the brain which is still working. The sensation may be registered by the mind, which my fits have made me believe is separate from the brain.

It would seem to me that the mind is a soft surface which receives the impression of thought and sensation from the brain and is, therefore, always slightly *behind* in recording what is actually being done at the moment by the brain. It travels like sound behind the jet aeroplane. Therein lies the danger; for the mind is still unbelieving of danger while the brain is losing, or has lost, control of the body. The mind reassures. Its very incredulity causes a delay of seconds which may mean the difference between safety and an accident.

Cannot Speak Or Act

Many people, of course, get fuller information of an approaching fit, and longer time in which to act. Again I write only of myself. I cannot act. That sight, hearing, memory, personality in fact, are intact almost to the last I have proved, but speech and action are both taken away. The power of speaking is wiped from the lips; the power of motion, or reasonable motion, is stolen. One hears people ask, "What is the matter?" One cannot answer, although one seems to know. One's eyes are nailed to an object or a face.

This rigid attitude, in which one seems to be listening to a call important beyond all human matters, dissolves into a kind of hideous hovering. One turns round or away from helpers, if they are present; if not, from the presence of the appalling calamity. The utmost source of terror to me was never the summons but this awful and yet *silly* moment, when the being tries to laugh it off, to leave it behind, to walk irresponsibly away. That ghastly moment is *funny* whether one can believe it or not. But have not many people written of the giggling, silly horror of pure terror?

My last sensation, and the one I most dread, the one which has most nearly touched me with true neurosis, the one I cannot forget, is that laughter, that shrugging it off. The next instant I fall into nothing. This ghastly gaiety is not sensual but emotional. That is why it leaves an impression which is ineffaceable, unforgettable and utterly fearful.

The Feeling I Dread

I have had to battle with many a nervous rearrangement of the order of a fit: I have had many brief rehearsals which have made me cling to people or, if alone, to furniture or a task, to keep myself from fainting from fear. For when tired, overworked, overwrought, worried or hurried, as my brain is naturally apt to be, the feeling comes over me that I am going to begin to hover, and then to experience that dreaded second of irresponsibility.

It has taken me months to train myself to be firm and to say reasonably: "You are *not* going to have a fit because you are having the second symptom before the first," and the order of a fit, as I have experienced it, has a military precision. It never varies.

The terror has, without any doubt, deeply affected me emotionally and mentally. I am more dependent on others, need more reassurance from ordinary people and, though I hate company of the wrong kind, I am often most humbly glad of any. The world, the earth with its trees, plants, animals, its ores and rivers and seas, is not less beautiful to me but is more blurred. It is not so much *myself* as it was. My soul has grown short-sighted. When in labour I was given a drug which separated me from my pangs without abating them. So have I been separated from my joys.

My attacks of epilepsy, both major and minor, seem to me to resemble the inexplicable arrival of certain experiences into my life from early childhood. I have seen what are called ghosts. They frighten me terribly, but they do not hold my attention in the same way as these other experiences.

The first I can remember was not involuntary. It was fully conscious

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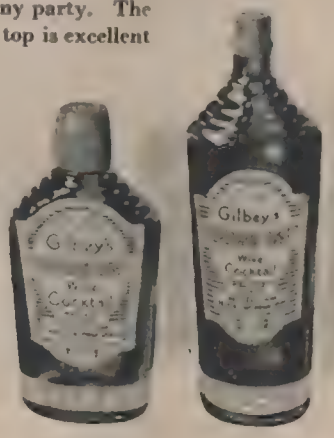

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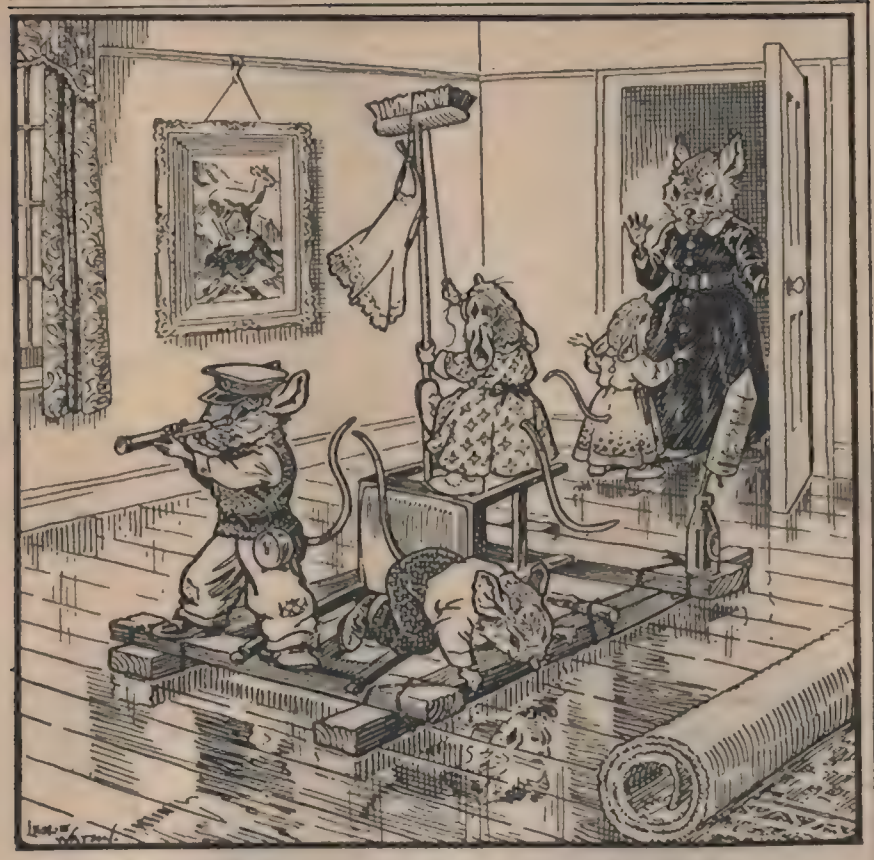

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"Something woke me up. Did you stop talking all of a sudden?"

and it was self-willed. I was a child of nine when I learned to read and to read the clock. Sitting on a stool one day, at nine years old, in a room I shall never forget because it was home, I fixed my eyes on the clock. It was a cold clock, a "dining-room" clock, in the shape of a Grecian temple, made of what looked like black marble, and its face had a gilt rim. Its chime was low, abrupt and musical.

I looked at it, and suddenly, for no reason, I said I would not breathe for five minutes while I watched it. *Neither did I.* At the end of the five minutes, I began to breathe again as smoothly and quietly as if I had never left off. A little while after, thinking of this experiment, I suddenly became inexplicably frightened of what I had discovered was possible and had done, and I made up my mind that I would never do it again.

Perhaps It Was A Fit

Nor did I. But, only a few weeks ago, the same thing happened involuntarily. My breathing ceased. It dried up like a stream in summer. Some minutes later, it came on again, as before. There was no distress, no gasping, but the same feeling of mental dread. Could I, I ask, have gone into an epileptic fit and thought I watched the clock move when I was a child, when really all my eyes did was to pounce on the hand after an interval of gentle unconsciousness?

In these articles, I have described six fits. Each one was remembered by me through some image. And this image was in each case a domestic tool. One was a blue-banded milk jug, another a coal bucket, another a coffee percolator, and the last, the fit in hospital, a spoon swaddled in a bandage. I have always had a liking for simple tools. So the only homely and comfortable remembrances of these fits were the images they left of usual things embedded in their horror.

Towards the spring of 1951, however, within two months of my child's birth, I had two fits in eight days. What was worse, neither contained a central image. The drugs were temporarily increased.

My daughter was born on March 22, quite normally, and after three weeks the drugs were decreased again and the fits began to come upon me in a regular cycle of every twenty-second day. The drugs were increased again, and there followed a period of exhaustion, dread and mental confusion, of great mystic excitement. I was nearer to neurosis than at any other time of my life. I was too weak to control my emotions or my reactions to the fear of the attacks themselves and the fear within me.

And yet it was also a period of meditation, study and analysis. By which I do not mean that I was free to brood on my affliction—for I was, in fact, extremely busy—but that the very frequency of the attacks, and the mental prolongation of them from one to another, gave me an opportunity to study them continuously.

About this time, Professor —— saw me again. I asked him whether all epileptics suffered as much mentally from their fits as I? No, he replied, some *enjoyed* them. And had I read Dostoevski on his fits? I had not and shall not, yet.

He asked me had I any sexual pleasure from them. No, I had not. And what did I mean by *suffering*? The feeling that I was split into two or more entities at the moment before unconsciousness. And after that, what sensations, if any? Only grief.

In his soft voice, he repeated after me, "Only grief." He did not ask what grief, and if he had I could not have told him.

Then I asked him could my disease be caused by what people usually call "nerves"? Was it a neurosis? His answer to this was a sharp rebuke. I was not to talk of neurosis. I was not to use a word which I did not understand. And what exactly did I mean by "nerves"?

"Fancy. Imagination."

"No. If you meant the physical nerves, yes, certain epilepsy is a disease of the nerves. But you are not neurotic, nor hysterical. You are not that kind of person. There is a cause for this disorder of your brain. The area affected is shown by the encephalogram."

The Cycle Was Broken

This conversation cleared much tangled ground for me. I left the Institute in peace and with more courage.

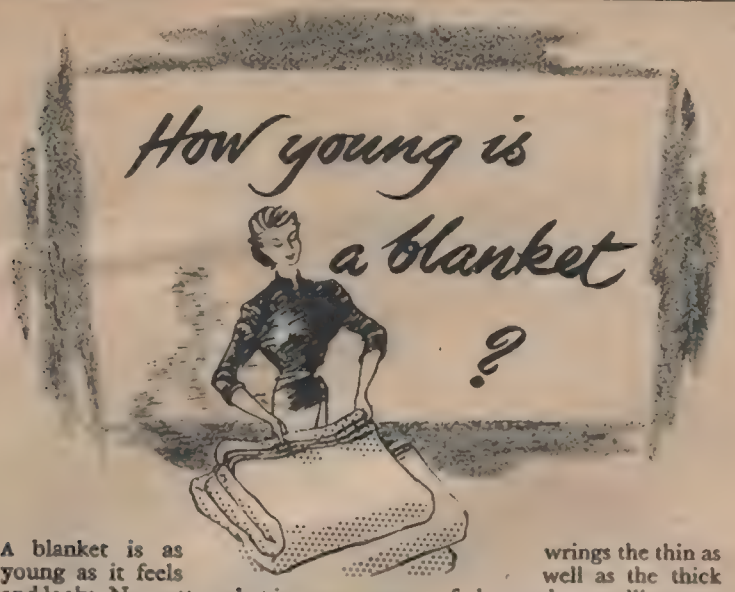
Dr. Y—— increased the drugs and regulated their timing. In two months he had broken the cycle. I remember looking at him once as he got into his car and thinking that to me he was a miracle.

The cycle was not abruptly broken: at first it extended a few days and then all at once the affliction seemed to disappear in so far as the actual attacks formed it.

It was, however, for months afterwards a mentally chaotic time for me, because, although a fit is almost impossible to describe accurately and imaginatively, there are so many things in everyday life which are reminders of the condition.

Particularly anything to do with deceit, with counting, or with dividing. With *deceit* because the mind tries to deceive you that you are not going to have a fit when you are; with *counting* because (to me) it seemed, until very recently, that there were *numbers* of entities in me during the moments before I fell; and with *division* for the same reason.

I will try to give examples. If I had to write a letter in which I wished to convey certain facts which, nevertheless, ought not to be put upon



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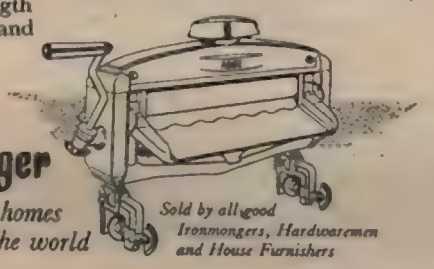

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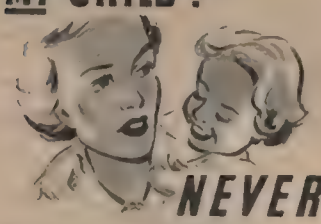

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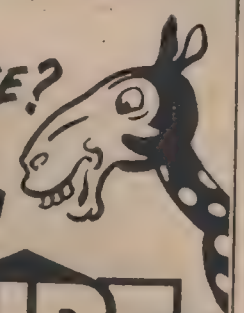

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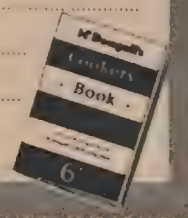

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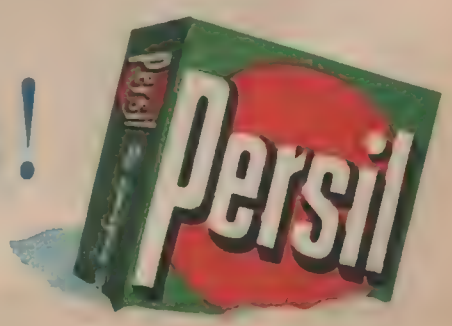

PER 1262-80

paper in case they should survive, the mere thought of such an attempt at deceit caused a pang of terror like the preliminary "call" of a fit; and I was obliged to cower back into simplicity, and either not write the letter or not mention the matter in it.

In the same way I could not bear to count the ingredients of a recipe for a cake. Again the pang would shoot to my heart and I would wait for those transfixed symptoms.

When, in the fury of restless impatience and lack of concentration which preceded the major attacks, and is now following them, I saw anyone look at a clock, I felt a great but controllable fear. If a clock stopped, I longed to say, "Don't wind it."

I was able to master this and even to start the stopped clock myself. But I have never mastered the horror of dividing things, although that is fading since the fits have become less frequent. Whether it was the roots of plants in the garden, or a matter of balancing weights, or hanging nappies equally on each side of the clothes prop so that the line did not sag (being very low) the effect was, and sometimes still is, the same.

All this must sound fantastic. Nevertheless, fits are fantastic, and there was something in these frightened withdrawals from certain actions and thought-actions which went profoundly with the attacks themselves. Though not the cause of the epilepsy, they were the cause of the mental suffering that went with it.

It was the cause of the suffering, the terror before, the sorrow after, that I set myself to analyse. And though my attempt to describe that half-mazed but sensitive and conscientious series of solutions must sound absurd, I have made it.

My first conclusion was that it was, and would always be, impossible for me to remember a fit, because a fit cannot be remembered like a dream; the processes of the memory are at the time, and for a while afterwards, entirely disorganized.

Conclusion two was that control of the attacks can be assured only by taking the drugs administered. There is no question of frightening oneself into a fit, nor of reasoning oneself out of one, once the attack has begun. One might as well try to reason oneself out of drowning.

Conclusion three was less certain, and I offer it simply as an opinion. It was that the epileptic temperament is not different essentially from the temperament which is admired in artistic, sensitive and imaginative people.

Epilepsy is a kind of over emphasis of emotion. And the epileptic person, unless he is very severely affected mentally, should not be considered as a sort of strange outsider among the rest of us. As he must learn to accept his affliction, others must learn to accept *him*, simply and naturally, taking only such precautions as are absolutely necessary to avoid accident.

Having reached those conclusions, I should have no more to add if I had not been asked to say what steps I have taken (being incurable) to adapt myself physically and mentally to my position as wife, mother and author.

Physically, the only difference that I have made in my life has been made for me. My mother has insisted on my leaving our too-lonely cottage and she has bought a house in Cheltenham for us to live in. Professor —— and Dr. Y—— agreed that I must not be left alone with my baby and so for some time, until it seemed fairly certain that the drugs would control the epilepsy, somebody was always with me. I am very glad that it is no longer necessary. This release has made me more happy than anything else.

Mentally, I do not see what "steps" could be taken. Just as I did not will this upon me, it cannot be waved away. I am not a different person from the one I have always been.

I have, of course, reacted to the fact that I am "incurable"—which means that I shall have to take the controlling drugs all my life. I no longer think of a cure. My reaction is simply gratitude that for me drugs *can* control the fits; and that my child is not likely to inherit what the professor has told me has never been proved a hereditary disease; gratitude also that I can live and work as others do, can look after and be alone with my child without danger to her.

My instinct after the first attack was the best—accept, adapt. Self-control cannot hold off the actual fits, but it can keep down hysteria, and prevent the terror of false warnings of attacks.

Safety is simply a matter of forethought. One must have guards round fires and stoves, one must never drive a car. Horror can never be entirely eliminated, but danger can. That is the only way to adapt oneself, as wife and mother, to the illness. THE END

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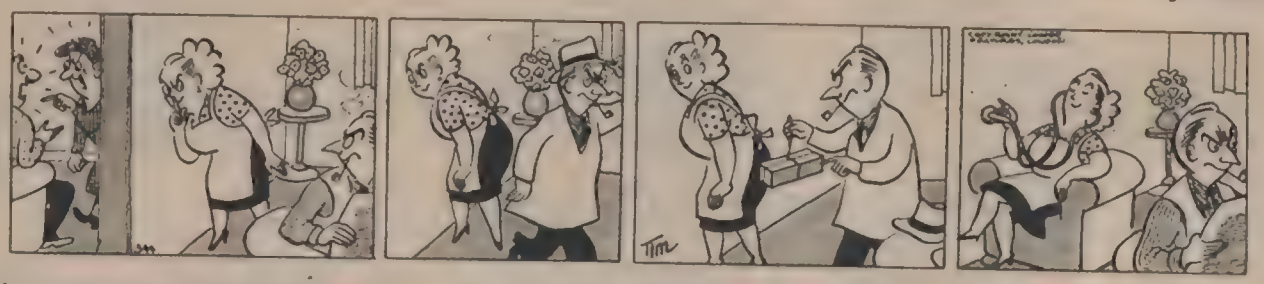
OH, JOHNNY! — *by TIM*



THE BRIGADIER SMELLS A RAT

Continued from page 13.

Malinski said very stiffly in German.

At the risk of an international incident, I managed to inveigle La Valdi away from Major Malinski.

"I can let you have all your Italian lire in Italy," I said, and explained my plan to her. Before she had given her reply, Crystal came running up.

"I've made all sorts of eyes at B. J., but it's no use," she said. "He says that a Treasury ruling is a Treasury ruling and must be obeyed."

"I think I shall be trying your very attractive plan," La Valdi interrupted. "If you will wait a moment, I will make my excuses to Major Malinski."

SHE had no sooner left us when the Brigadier approached. He had his usual smile of forlorn admiration for Crystal, but at me he glared sternly.

"Look here, Jenkins," he said, "I'm warning everybody. I'm having another drive against Commission personnel swanning around with foreign girl friends in army transport. I'm really gunning for 'em this time, so watch out." He smiled again at Crystal and loped off.

"I don't know what you're up to, but if I were you I wouldn't do it," Crystal said when he had gone. "B. J. smells a rat. And if you ask me, the Brigadier smells one too."

"Then away back to B. J. and let him smell your golden hair instead," I said. I was jealous of the way the Brigadier had looked at her.

La Valdi returned and I left the theatre with her, feeling in my back the stabbing glances of Major Malinski.

I was anxious to get the adventure over and done with. So, when La Valdi had packed and concealed the ten million lire under stockings and petticoats, we set out through the deserted streets.

"The *signore* does not talk much," La Valdi said as we drove on through the frail glory of the moon.

"I'm concentrating," I said. "I don't want to make any mistakes at the exit from the Russian Zone."

But, as I had anticipated, there was no trouble with the Russian sentry. We rolled on through the Semmering. Once again I was conscious of the beauty of the woman beside me.

"The British at the Italian frontier post won't be so easy," I said. "Remember, leave the talking to me."

My fears increased as we left Villach, in the blue and gold beginnings of a new day. If the military police found the lire in La Valdi's luggage, not even the Brigadier's order to perform the impossible could save me from a court-martial. I cursed the driver of a powerful car which flashed past, almost crowding me into the ditch. I cursed again when the same thing happened ten minutes later. And I cursed more vehemently still when, a few hundred yards farther on, I found the second car drawn up across the road with the driver standing in front of it, waving at me to stop.

I stopped cursing only when I saw that the driver was Crystal.

"It's B. J.," she said. "After the second act last night he accused me of acting as a decoy while you smuggled La Valdi and her lire into Italy. He's coming down to the frontier to watch out for you himself. Indeed, he may be there already."

"That must have been his car which overtook me before you did," I said. "Well, we'll just have to turn back."

"On the contrary," Crystal said. "B. J. will have guessed it was you he overtook and will be waiting for you. As far as I can make out, we're only about five hundred yards from the frontier post. If you don't turn up, he'll come and look for you."

"But if we go on he'll be even more certain to search us," I protested.

"Not if you do as I suggest," Crystal said crisply. "You'll come with me in my car and the *signora* will wait here in hers. Ten minutes from now she will drive forward to the post. She will pretend that she is attached to the Interpreters' pool. Like that, her accent won't be noticed and she probably won't be asked to show her pass."

THERE was no time for argument, because at so short a distance from the post B. J. might have heard our cars stop, and suspect intrigue. I took the wheel of Crystal's car and drove forward with her, and La Valdi remained behind in mine.

"I thought it a good idea to bring some luggage for B.J. to search." As Crystal said this we rounded a bend and came in sight of the frontier post. And there, sure enough, was B. J. himself, with two military policemen.

"It might be as well if you were to pretend to be in love with me," Crystal whispered as I stopped the car. I liked her lips so much that she was still in my arms when B. J. flashed a torch on us.

"So this is the form, is it?" B. J. asked acidly. "And I was fool enough to think you'd try it on with the lady herself." He glowered at me and beckoned one of the M.P.s over. "Corporal, there's ten million lire in this car, and we're going to find 'em."

Of course they didn't find them, but they almost dismantled the car.

"All the same, I could have sworn," B. J. said as he gave up in disgust. "Anyway, what's the reason of this flight from Vienna?"

"Ever hear of romance?" Crystal asked. But the anger on B. J.'s face changed quickly to alarm. The car I had just got out of was wobbling towards the frontier. Clearly, La Valdi drove less expertly than she sang.

"The things they let loose at steering wheels these days," B. J. said. He ran forward and ordered La Valdi to stop.

I didn't wait to see what happened. I drove on with Crystal into Italy, but very slowly, so that even La Valdi could overtake us if she was still free.

A quarter of an hour later, La Valdi did overtake us, but it was B. J. who was at the wheel. I was so sure that he was taking her back to G.H.Q. to put her under arrest that I stopped by the side of the road, expecting that Crystal and I would be asked to accompany her.

MY suspicions were confirmed when B. J. drew up beside me. "Never try to help ladies in distress," he said through the window. "Brigadier came pounding along just as I'd sat down at the wheel. He tore such a strip off me I knew he wouldn't believe the truth. So I said I was on my way down to Venice to buy wine for the mess and had taken a girl from the Interpreters' pool to help me with the pow-wowing. And of course that's what she turned out to be."

"I hope you searched her for ten million lire," Crystal said gravely.

"Not on your life I didn't. The Treasury always knows when a lady's tickety-boo and when she isn't. Well, perhaps I need a little feminine kindness," B. J. said as he let his car into gear. "Tutta la gondola in tutta la moonlight!"

I didn't drive on at once. I sat looking at Crystal in admiration.

"Funny the Brigadier popping up so conveniently," I said.

Crystal smiled and laid her golden head on my shoulder. "Use your loaf, Jenkins," she said. THE END

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POST FORM TODAY!

A MAN CALLED DEAD

Continued from page 18

weren't interested. They wrote about raw, brutal, lustful boys. That he was not and that he could not be. He was born out of his time, too late or too early. The civilizing influence of the old world was gone and the new civilization had not yet arrived. That was how he excused himself. There was no place for him.

It was fortunate indeed that he had never married, that he and Sara had agreed to wait. Then she had married another man, someone he did not know. He did not blame her. Five years was too long to wait, and there was nothing in prospect, even then.

Years ago that was, twelve years and three months and two days. He had not even seen her picture in the papers since her husband died two years, four months and six days ago, and he did not write to her.

He got up unwillingly and went to the door for the morning paper. The moment of greatest comfort in his dreary day was when he crept back into his still-warm bed with the morning paper. This morning his bed was an especial refuge. It was raining, he saw, as he shut the window against the raw spring air. At least he had the shelter of this room, this bed, and he had been wise enough in the days when he was working to invest his earnings so that he would not starve. One meal a day and the meagre rent were assured.

He piled two thin pillows against the back of the bed, opened the paper, turned to the theatre news and read it closely and thoroughly. No news there. The season's plays were probably settled by now and his only chance was in the provinces.

He must talk with Nick about that and nudge him. Nick was getting careless.

At this moment, the table lamp, always uncertainly connected, went out. He threw down the paper in sudden anger and sprang up to plug it back in, when he saw his name leap at him from the pages.

DAVID FORRESTER FOUND DEAD IN BED

It was a small headline on an inside page. He seized the paper and took it to the window, and read his own obituary.

"David Forrester, the actor, was found dead in his bed yesterday by a caretaker, who brought him his usual evening paper. Mr. Forrester was well known in former years in successful plays. He received offers from Hollywood which he did not accept, preferring to remain on the legitimate stage. Recently. . . ."

THE paper fell from his hand. He rushed to the telephone to call up Nick. This had to be contradicted immediately. Nick must contact the Press—he would sue the newspaper.

A nasal voice replied: "Nicholas Jansen Agency."

"Oh, yes," he said, stammering as he always did when he was upset. "Is Mr. Jansen in?"

"Mr. Jansen won't be in today."

"Oh—do you know where he can be reached?"

"He can't be reached. He is spending the weekend in the country."

"Oh——" He hesitated and then, not knowing what else to say to the cold voice, he muttered thanks and hung up and after another moment he went back to bed, covered himself up and shut his eyes.

The paper fell on the floor and he gave himself up to loneliness. Who cared whether it was true or not? Nobody had cared for a long time. His sister he had not heard from for years. She was married and lived in the country. His parents had died when he was in his twenties, thank God, at the time when it had seemed he would inevitably be famous. The theatre was wickedly consuming. One had no life outside it; family and friends had fallen away.

He might as well be dead, he thought.

It was a strange feeling, this being dead. Though he breathed and was awake in the room where he had lived so long, he was dead. His dramatic mind began to stir. He had read stories, he had even once seen a play on this very situation, and the man who was called dead had begun a new and completely free life, all the old debts cancelled, the failures erased.

He might so welcome his freedom, he might do something entirely new, even take a new name and disappear from all he had known. He saw himself roaming about the world, a different person in one city or another. Paris, New York, Venice. . . .

There was one difficulty. He did not want to do anything except theatre. Whatever else he attempted, it would all end in a room like this somewhere, with an agent trying to find him a job. Would an agent even try to find an unknown man a job? At least David Forrester had been somebody once. There was a memory.

IT had been a long time since he had wept, but he wept now, only a few tears and not exactly for himself, but for anybody like him, anywhere. He was not unique, of course. There was no use fooling himself. He had a little flair, a tiny talent, that, combined with youth and extreme good looks—oh, he had been good looking, still was—had been enough to carry him a little beyond the average, but it had not been enough and would never be enough.

So why not die? It would be easy. He had thought of it as anyone alone and unsuccessful thinks of it, not as something he would ever do, but still a possibility. He had thought of it sometimes at night when he took his sleeping pills. He held death in the palm of his hand, he had mused, gazing down on the white pellets in the palm of his hand, not with any reality in his mind, but with his little flair for drama, thinking that if he wanted to he could do it.

Now someone else had done it for him—someone with his name. He took up the paper and read again. No reason was given for his death. It was simply announced with the few details about his former success on the stage and his gradual retirement. It was quite dignified, and if he in fact died now, the effect would be spoiled. This shabby room, his continual hounding of Nick, the ragged shirts and his torn pyjamas, the disgusting private details, he could keep hidden while he lived but dead he must reveal. He ought really to be grateful that someone had died nicely in his place.

He grinned, his lips twisted, and suddenly he felt hungry. He would get up, he would make his coffee and toast over the gas ring and he would never call Nick up again. He might leave here, he might try to get into films, any kind of job around the sets, even a caretaker's job. Nothing mattered, since his name was dead.

The telephone rang suddenly while he was drinking his coffee at his bedside table. He got up and went to it. An unknown voice, a woman's voice, cried out: "Who is that, please?"

His name flew to his tongue and he

PEARL BUCK, author of "A Man Called Dead," has written seventeen novels which have been translated into more than a dozen languages. The best known, *The Good Earth*, about a Chinese peasant family, won her the coveted Nobel Prize for Literature in 1938, and was outstandingly successful as a film with Paul Muni and Luise Rainer.

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"Don't *rattle* them!"

checked it. "Whom do you want?" he growled.

"I've just seen the paper. I used to know David Forrester, years ago. We were in the same cast of a play. He was a good actor and I've often wondered—and now he's dead!"

He hesitated and then he said firmly, in the same deep voice: "Sorry, miss, you've got the wrong number." He hung up and sat down on his bed. But it was wonderful, nevertheless. Who could she have been? He was a good actor; she had not forgotten. He sat staring at the blank wall, trying to place the voice, and not being able to. Well, one person remembered. He felt cheered by so much and looked out of the window to see if it was still raining. On clear mornings he usually took a walk down the street.

It was still raining and he went back to bed and had scarcely settled himself when he heard a knock on the door. He got up again and opened it and there stood the caretaker, looking surly and holding a box of flowers.

"Florist sent this here," he said. He had not read the paper and it was obvious that he did not know what to make of the flowers.

"Oh, thanks," David said. "Wait a minute." He went to his trousers hung over the chair and took out a coin. "Thanks a lot," he said.

The door shut and he opened the box of flowers. They were white roses and narcissi with asparagus fern. There was an envelope and in it a card, "In memory of a wonderful time," the card said, and under it were signed seven names. He remembered them, people who had small parts in *The Red Circle*, the year it was almost a hit. It had been a mystery play, and he was the husband of the murdered woman, but the lead was the lover, not the husband. Still the run had been good, and he had saved his money, thinking then that he and Sara would be married. That was the year she had married another man. It did not matter now. If he had been successful he would probably have been married to someone.

He put the flowers into the tin wastepaper basket half filled with water and set it in the window. He decided not to go back to bed, but to get up and go out. It was April, and the sky was beginning to clear. He had a bath and dressed carefully, and by the time he reached the street the clouds were white and ragged and scraps of blue sky were showing.

He took his usual walk, and since nobody knew him by name, nobody was astonished to see him. He bought a theatrical magazine, wondering if it were too cold yet to sit on a park bench and read. He decided it was and went back to his room. If he didn't call Nick he'd have nothing to do, but he had made up his mind. He was not going to call Nick. When he felt like it he would consider further the question of where he would go, and maybe he would not go anywhere.

When he reached his room, an envelope was stuck under his door, a telegram. He picked it up, tore it open and saw it was from Nick, a frantic appeal: FOR PETES SAKE TELEPHONE TRYING TO GET YOU FOR HOURS TOOK FIRST TRAIN TO TOWN.

He sat down, his hat still on his head. Did this mean Nick knew he was dead or did not? Probably he had seen the news and did not believe it. He decided again not to telephone Nick. Without taking his hat off, he put the telegram beside the flowers and went out.

Back on the park bench, he read the magazine from cover to cover. Then he sat awhile looking thoughtfully about at other men on the park benches. He recognized several of them, and he supposed they recognized him, but they had never spoken to each other and there was no reason why they should do so now. It was about noon and he decided that he would get some lunch in a café nearby and then go back to his room and sleep. He felt tired with the uncertainty of his emotions. It was an experience to be dead, he thought, and grinned again to himself.

When he got to the door of the house, the caretaker came shambling out. "Must be your birthday or something," he said. "Two more boxes of flowers came while you was gone, and three telegrams."

"It's an anniversary," David said. He took the boxes, put the telegrams in his pocket and went upstairs. This was getting funny, his room full of flowers and telegrams. It was like being back in the theatre in his dressing-room. Congratulations on being dead!

But he was touched, for all that. He had thought himself completely forgotten, and now he knew he was not. He opened the flowers and put them into the tin wastepaper basket with the others, pale yellow roses and white spirea from the director of his first play, and spring flowers from the star in *The Red Circle*, the lover who murdered the wife. The telegrams were from members of the cast of his other plays and from a girl who used to work in Nick's office, who, he knew well enough, had once dreamed about him; only in those days he was still getting over Sara.

The room looked festive and cheerful. He had not made the bed; often he did not make it, but just got into it again the way he had left it, but now he made it carefully and found an old handkerchief and dusted the table, the window-sill and the bureau.

After some thought, he took the yellow roses and spirea and put them in a milk bottle and set them on the bureau.

Then the telephone began to ring and kept on ringing until either he had

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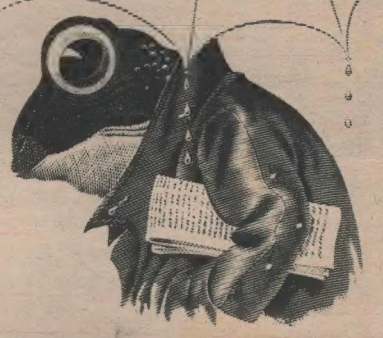

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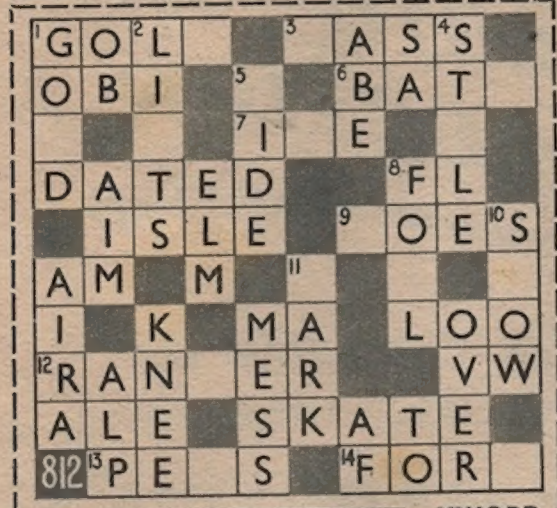

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Across Clues XWORD 812

1. Some business men don't care a great deal for it
3. Has to go very high in many parts
6. May take to running in most awkward way
7. One may well think of as a brick
9. It's right that soldiers should have all possible help in coping with theirs
12. Can cover a surprising amount of ground
13. They are rather apt to spoil look of garden
14. Where there is one, it should be marked at once on commanding officer's map

Down Clues

1. It's little use telling people that love of this can blind one to facts
2. They are often checked automatically
4. Is usually badly worn
5. When this term is used, it's with regard to certain game
8. Forward is constantly trying to do this to opposing backs
10. Young kiddies look forward to enjoying gay, sparkling this during Christmas holidays
11. Is no friend of the police

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In adjudication all Extra Answers will be read in combination with each other and with all Answers in your Square. Thus your completed Square with one extra Answer to *one* Clue will represent *two* full Squares (Entry-fee 6d.). Square with one extra Answer to *two* Clues will represent *four* full Squares (Entry-fee 1s.) and Square with one extra Answer to *three* Clues will represent *eight* full Squares (Entry-fee 2s.). Single Square with 6d. P.O. or stamps covers dispatch to you of *Crossword Gazette* dated Nov. 29.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per Contest and to entry requiring not more than 4s. entry-fee. Signature indicates agreement to Rules.

ADDRESS ENTRY: Xword No. 812, "JOHN BULL," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

XWORD 807 RESULT

WINNING WORDS. ACROSS: 1, Suits. 3, Goat. 4, Boy. 5, Bam. 7, Fake. 10, Clouts. 12, Son. 13, Storms. DOWN: 1, Spoon. 2, Tabor. 6, Say. 8, Boobs. 9, Plank. 10, Col. 11, Moss.

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£25 plus Celebration: E. P. Taunton, 12 St. Ann's Road, Malvern: THE BULLDOG IN US—MUST "GRIP US" AGAIN!

£20 plus Celebration: Mrs. M. Deane, 2 West Mall, Clifton, Bristol: LIFE'S RICHES—OUR *Fraying* DOORMAT INDICATES.

OTHER AWARDS: £10: J. S. Cartwright, "Ingleside," Clarence Gardens, Bishop Auckland: THE RED CROSS—SIGN THAT "HUMANITY FLOURISHES." £10: D. Mackey, 127 Church Street, Wolverton, Bucks: THE EMPTINESS IN US—*And* CHURCHES, NO COINCIDENCE! £10: W. Terris, 45 Queen Street, Edinburgh: AS IF HE WERE OUT—FOR RECORD *Catastrophe*, MAN! £5: J. Murdoch, 8 Mulberry Road, Newlands, Glasgow: PLAYING SECOND FIDDLE—IMMATERIAL, IF *World's* AFLAME. £5: Mrs. E. Parkinson, Rescue Station, Falcon Street, Barnsley: THE RED CROSS—IS *Easing* KOREA'S "CALVARY." £5: H. E. Smith, 107 Allington Avenue, Lenton, Nottingham: THE MONKEY IN US—DISPUTED—"DONKEY" *Cannot* BE!

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To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* on right. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in merit order; test—cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are full rate. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not over 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank given.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of this week's Contests (in *Bulletin* and *Gazette*, dated December 6, and in JOHN BULL, dated December 13), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See *Daily Herald* on Saturday, November 29, for early news of *Bullets* No. 1,860 result).

NOTE. You may enclose *Bullets* and Xword entries in the same envelope covered by single P.O. for combined entry-fee. Mark envelope "Combined," top left-hand corner.

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Incomplete "Examples" —see instructions

How We.....
Something Like A.....
Made ..... Feel Queer
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Set The.....Free And

POST ENTRY

"Bullets" 1,860, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

MORE BIG XMAS OFFERS NEXT WEEK!

"I liked Mickey Mouse—and the ice-cream—and the man in front who told mummy to shut up"

to go out again or answer it. He took up the receiver cautiously.

"Hallo," he said in a voice not at all like his own. But it was not Nick. It was a woman and her voice was gentle.

"Hallo, is that where David Forrester used to live?"

"It is," he answered. Then he recognized the voice. His heart gave a fierce leap. It was Sara! She had the loveliest voice he had ever heard.

"I have only just read the dreadful news," the gentle voice said. "Will you tell me where the service is to be held? My name is Sara Mitchell. I used to know him years ago."

He could not speak. What could he say?

In the pause, the girl asked, "Are you his friend?"

"In a way. He told me about you."

"Oh, did he—he didn't forget?"

"Never!"

He was shocked at what was going on. He was weaving a new web, entangling himself beyond rescue.

"Oh, would you come and tell me about him?" she pleaded.

"Where are you?"

She gave him the address, at the other side of town, a long journey from where he stood. "I don't know just when——"

"Oh, come now," she begged. "I must know everything. Then I can explain to you why—you see, I lost him. I mean, after my husband died I didn't know where to turn. Besides, I never saw his name anywhere until this morning, and then I knew really that I had meant all along to find him. I suppose I just kept dreaming."

"I'll come," he promised. He hung up the receiver. Though he had committed himself, he might yet break his promise, but he knew where she was and sooner or later, however much he delayed, he knew that he would be on her threshold, ringing the bell, waiting for the moment of her recognition. He had to come back to life.

THE telephone was ringing and on the chance that it might be her again he took it up impulsively. "Hallo!" he cried.

It was Nick, exasperated. "Well, of all the stupid nonsense! Where have you been all morning? I knew you weren't dead."

"How did you know it?" he demanded. He felt injured. Did Nick think he hadn't the courage?

"For a while I thought maybe it was true, you old fake," Nick said. "Then I read the news item again and saw it couldn't be you. Didn't you see—they had you born in 1887. I knew you weren't born then; I've done too much publicity for you. I've been busy all morning. The newspaper is going to correct the error tomorrow. Seems some other fellow had your name and they mixed him up with you and used your

obituary from the files. Well, it's done you a lot of good, anyway. I've got you a good part."

"No!" David cried. He forgot all that had happened to him.

"A good one, not starring, but a solid part. New play, *South Side Of The Moon*. Looks good, too. Summer tryout, of course, then up to town. Producer says he used to know you. He called me up to tell me he was sorry he hadn't kept up with you, says he could have used you, if he'd known, so I asked him to give me a few minutes. Come right up here, and I'll have the contract ready."

David wavered. He could not be in two places at once. Either he went to Sara first, or he went to Nick first. The decision was close. He was always an actor, and he had not for a long time been a lover. Could the old rôle be revived? His dramatic imagination leaped ahead. He was in Sara's hall, waiting for her, and there she was coming down the stairs, just as he remembered her—young, lovely, haunting. He stood perfectly still, just watching her, breathlessly, and then she saw him and cried out. And he rushed to her quickly.

"It's all right, darling. It *is* me. Somebody else died, Sara, not me."

He closed his eyes to kiss her and felt her soft lips—the sweetest lips he had ever kissed. . . .

"Hey, you asleep?" Nick bellowed in his ear.

"I can't come right away, Nick. I have an important engagement."

"What engagement?" Nick said indignantly. "What's more important than a contract?"

"Just this engagement," David said gaily. "But hold the contract, Nick. I'll get there sometime—today, tomorrow, one of these days."

He hung up and stood still, dreaming. He'd get there today, of course. When he and Sara had sat down on the sofa side by side, when he had kissed her again and again, when they had lunched together and told each other everything, he would glance at his watch and cry out: "Good Lord, darling, I have an important engagement—I entirely forgot. You make me forget everything."

"A play, David?"

"Yes, *South Side Of The Moon*, a new thing—it looks good."

"Come back soon." That is what she would say. "I'm so proud of you, David." That is what she would say.

"I'll come back," he would promise. "We'll dine together. We'll make our plans."

"I'll be waiting for you." That was what she would say, in her soft voice.

He bustled about the room, getting himself ready. He had one new shirt. He always kept one new shirt, just in case he might get an interview with a producer. He began all over again with another bath and a shave and then the new shirt with his better suit. Then he hesitated. What about taking her something? He looked about the room at his few books, his small mementoes, and then cried out aloud, snapping his thumb and finger, "Of course, the flowers!"

He swept them all together, recovered a box he had thrown in the corner, packed them into it and tied the string carefully. Then he reached into his wardrobe and took out a cane which he had not used for years, a slender bamboo cane, tipped with imitation ivory, which he had carried as the husband in the play.

Pausing at the mirror, he looked into it and saw someone he had not seen for a long time, a tall, thin fellow whose pale face was alert and smiling, whose dark eyes were bright, a debonair sort of fellow, after all.

He smiled at the face, pleased at the resurrection. It was not bad, considering how dead he had been.

"Greetings," he said pleasantly to the face, and putting on his hat, he tilted it slightly to one side and left the room.

THE END

FROM MY FAMILY ALBUM

The photograph on page 6 is of Jane Russell as a child.

JOHN BULL'S SHOP WINDOW

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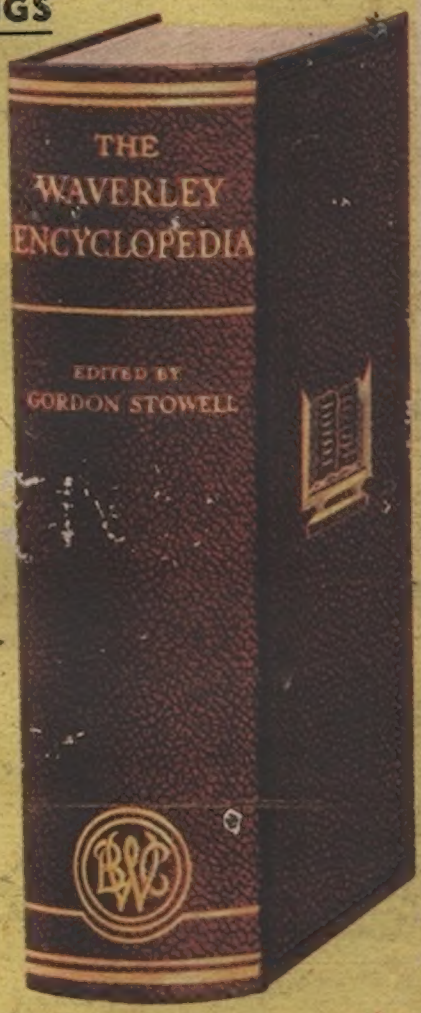

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